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NARRATIVE
OF
A JOURNEY THROUGH INDIA.
BY
T. D. L.

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Rosi. Lith.

L'Enfant, imp.

FROM UMBALLA TO LOODIANAH.

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY THROUGH INDIA.

BY

T. D. L.

First Part.

Westminster:

PRINTED BY THOMAS BRETTELL,

RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

1857.

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15 FEB 1966
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PREFACE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I SCARCELY know if it be best to say something by way of preface to this little narrative of my journey out to India, or whether it would be more prudent to send it amongst you without this, generally speaking, most useless and unnecessary appendage.

My highly gifted relative, the late "L. E. L.," has said that "a Preface is a species of literary luxury, "where an author, like a lover, is privileged to be "egotistical;" and as these few pages (my first essay), are only intended for private circulation, I confidently hope you will not blame me if I luxuriate a little by speaking of myself.

However, to the point: when I left for India, I made up my mind that I would keep notes of my journey as I went along. I did so; and on my return it was my highest anticipation that I should

be enabled to form these notes into a sort of narrative for the reading of my friends. As many of you know, my time has been so wholly occupied by business that I have not had even the necessary leisure to revise and arrange the jottings into anything like a complete and lucid account.

This brief sketch of the journey to Bombay being complete as far as it goes, I have been induced to print it for that reason, and as an incentive to carry out my original plan. I am not going to ask your indulgence—that I can count upon; if these pages carry you through an agreeable half-hour's reading, and give you any better idea than you had before of what is to be seen on the Journey "Overland" to India, my end is answered, and I will gladly present you with the remainder of my Journal at my earliest opportunity.

Yours truly,

T. D. L.

NARRATIVE, &c.

CIRCUMSTANCES which I need not here particularise having called me hurriedly to India, it was on a bright clear frosty night in the month of February 1851, when I left London by the South-Eastern Railway for not merely a trip *to* India, but a journey *through* it.

There is something peculiarly solemn and imposing, even under ordinary circumstances, in contemplating a great city by night;—its multitudinous sounds hushed into faint and not unmusical murmurs by distance,—its still, calm river, glassing in its silent depths,—the huge piles of buildings which rise from its shores, and fling their darkening mass of shadow against the sky,—the interminable vista of lamps stretching away for many a mile,—the countless spires and towers standing out in bold and yet half obscured relief in the cold clear frosty air,—all combine to crowd the mind with myriads of strange and solemn emotions. Those emotions were by no means weakened by the reflection which involuntarily crossed my mind, that I was probably experiencing them for the last time,—that a long and perilous journey lay before me, with shadows, clouds, and darkness resting

on it,—and that I was perchance bidding London, my native place, not only a long, but a last adieu.

These thoughts and emotions were however of short duration, the buzzing of the engine and the rattle of the train speedily dispersed them into "thin "air," and after a gentle nap of about two hours and a half, I found myself at Dover. The packet was waiting for us, and shortly after midnight we were steaming across the Channel with the white cliffs of Old England rapidly "fading o'er the waters *black*."

Arrived at Calais, I made my way to the railway station, and in less than an hour found myself once more cutting through the air in a railway train, *en route* for Marseilles. This was my first halting-place since leaving London, so that my journey thus far was much in the spirit of a St. Petersburg courier, and too rapid to admit of any particular notice of the principal cities and towns through which I passed. Moreover, I had been in France several times before, added to which it must be borne in mind that what would have attracted my attention upon an ordinary occasion, was now lightly considered and set aside by the all-engrossing subject of my thoughts,—India.

I arrived at Marseilles at ten o'clock at night, having been three days accomplishing the distance from London, viz. 618 miles. I took up my abode at the "Hôtel des Colonnes," awaiting the departure of the steamer for Malta.

Marseilles, the chief port of the Mediterranean, has a population of 154,035. It is divided into the Old Town and the New. The houses of the Old Town are irregular and mean, and the streets dirty, narrow, and steep. The New Town is in every respect a perfect contrast to the Old, with which it has a com-

munication by one of the finest streets imaginable. There are many handsome fountains too, which add to the beauty of the place, and give a relief to the monotonous regularity of the streets.

Marseilles has sometimes been called Europe in miniature, on account of the variety of dresses and languages. The port is capable of giving shelter to 1200 vessels, and is defended by the cross-fire from the batteries of Fort St. Nicholas, and the Tower of St. Jean. I was struck by a peculiar but pleasing feature in the construction of the hotel, which I may as well mention. The rooms on every floor were built round the four sides of a quadrangle, and the doors opened out on to a spacious balcony. The quadrangle not being roofed, the balconies were open to the clear blue sky, so peculiar to Italy and the south of France, whilst in the centre of the square below, the eye rested on a beautiful fountain shooting forth its silvery waters.

These balconies, in the hot summer nights, must afford a delightfully cool promenade to the vainly would-be sleepers, whom the extreme heat of this, the hottest town in France, will not permit the comforts of repose.

At six o'clock P.M. the following day, I left Marseilles for Malta, by Her Majesty's mail steamer "Medina." We reached Malta in five days, after a calm and pleasant voyage, save a little rough weather in the straits of Bonifacio. Malta has been so often described by tourists, and so familiar to all readers of travels and voyages, that I shall not pause to describe it, but simply remark that one of its most interesting and peculiar features is the motley character of its inhabitants, who are composed of Jews, Greeks,

Turks, Armenians, and in fact of persons from almost all the European and Asiatic states. The population of the island in 1841, was 118,759. Its chief productions are soldiers, monks, and cotton. On entering the port of Malta the scene is one of the most striking and beautiful that can be conceived. The harbour is surrounded with bastions, above which appear handsome buildings, with the towers of numerous churches, all built of stone, and the city of Valetta on one side towering above, the whole presenting the cleanest and most brilliant appearance. The air of Malta is exceedingly light and balmy, and is so exhilarating that one could wish to breathe it for ever.

At Malta the Indian passengers' baggage is transferred to the steamer which is to convey them to Egypt, and they are allowed to go on shore in the interim, a liberty of which all gladly avail themselves, as can easily be conjectured.

The Maltese boatmen are proverbial for their impudence. On the moment a vessel appears in the harbour they surround it, and seize upon the passengers with extreme pertinacity, to compel them to enter their respective boats; it requires no small amount of good temper and determination to beat them off without getting engaged in a squabble. For myself, I confess that my patience was nearly exhausted before I reached the shore, nevertheless I managed to keep my temper in abeyance, and to hvae my own way to boot. This was the only annoyance which I encountered during my brief intercourse with the inhabitants. After a short stay of about eight hours at Malta we started for Egypt, per steamer "Medusa."

On the fourth day of the voyage, about two hours

before sunset, I was roused from a pleasing reverie by the cry of "land," which was speedily re-echoed through the vessel. Those passengers on board who had been lounging listlessly below the greater part of the afternoon were soon upon deck, and every eye was at once strained to the utmost in the direction indicated, to catch a glimpse of the old Egyptian shore, which seemed to rise like a mist from the waters. The shores of Egypt, as you approach them, form one of the most unpicturesque objects imaginable,—low, flat, and sandy, with scarcely a particle of vegetation. Having rounded into the bay of Alexandria, we cast anchor about a mile and a half from land. The setting sun was shining brightly on the distant sand-hills of Aboukir, and as there is a very stringent regulation enforced by the authorities of Alexandria, that no passengers shall be allowed to land after sunset, the boats were instantly lowered, filled, and rowed away for the shore; but we had scarcely got half-way from the vessel, when the sun set, and darkness fell almost immediately like a pall over the waters. The air is so thin and dry that there is no twilight. Night descends upon the earth with marvellous rapidity. The herald star of night unfolding his shining banner to his fellows, is at once followed by the whole radiant army of heaven, the *diversions* of which emulate each other with their brilliant corruscations. No marvel that the ancient Egyptians were such devout astronomers, living in such a clear brilliant climate. Never shall I forget the beauty, the gorgeous beauty, of that starlight night, as it floated over the Egyptian sea; the air so pure and so translucent, that

> "You can almost seem to gaze
> "Through opening vistas into heaven."

The intense and cloudless blue of the all-embracing sky, illuminated by myriads of stars from the zenith to the horizon, and the moon tenfold brighter than she is ever seen with us, shining lamplike in the calm breast of heaven, all kindled as it were a kind of paler day, and aroused within me emotions more pleasing than permanent.

The harbour was dotted with vessels, Egyptian, Turkish, French, English, and American.

Scarcely had we reached the shore than we were besieged by a riotous and unruly host of Arab donkey drivers, who were warmly engaged fighting for the possession of us, and alternately entreating, pushing, cajoling, and swearing in a rude Arabic dialect, altogether forming one of the most savage and grotesque scenes I ever witnessed, and one which, if I had been a simple spectator, I should very much have enjoyed. But as I happened to be a prize for which some half dozen of those worthies were fighting and thrashing each other, having one of them tugging at each arm, and another at the skirts of my coat, and being doubtful for the moment whether I was to reach the hotel at last entire or peacemeal,—separated from all the rest of the passengers,—the hotel at some distance, and with no knowledge of the road to it,—in a strange country and surrounded by a set of semi-savages,—my sensations were by no means pleasant. Finding, however, that my only chance of escape rested with myself, I made a desperate plunge, shook myself free from two of the combatants, and before I had recovered the effort, suddenly found myself esconced upon the back of a donkey, with a dark, thin-faced, ill-favoured Arab following behind, and urging the wretched animal

into a gallop by means of an uninterrupted series of blows inflicted on its haunches without mercy. In vain did I attempt to remonstrate,—he was ignorant of English and I of Arabic; whither he was driving me I knew not, and to inquire was impossible. However, after galloping along a number of narrow, unlighted, zigzag streets, I found myself in what appeared to be a square, one side of which I soon found was occupied by the Hôtel d'Orient, in a well-furnished room of which I was soon comfortably located, and where I found my fellow passengers, from whom I had been separated. On inquiry I learnt they had all been similarly treated by the Arab boys, and, like myself, could scarcely tell how they had at last reached the hospitable door of the hotel.

The next morning I rose early and went out to take a survey of the "City of the Ptolemies."

Modern Alexandria, the chief commercial town of Egypt, is built chiefly of stone, and the houses are coated with plaster; it being partially situate upon the ruins of the ancient city, building materials are easily obtained. Indeed, the present town has been mostly constructed from the old materials. The houses are lofty, and most of them are enclosed in court-yards, with the view of their being cut off from the infected districts, when the plague is in the city. The streets are unpaved and consist of hard trodden sand. The inhabitants are still more motley and mixed than those of Malta. At present, the population is upwards of 60,000, of whom about 10,000 are troops in the service of the Pacha. Troops of wild dogs,—most ferocious animals by-the-bye,—wolves,

and jackals, infest the cemeteries and environs of the city, and at night the discordant howlings they emit are most terrific. The former have a peculiar dislike to Europeans, whom they attack even in broad daylight, whenever they have an opportunity.

About two miles from the sea-shore stands the far-famed column, known by the name of Pompey's Pillar. It is situated on an eminence formed of the ruins of the former city, of which it was once the principal ornament, and is now the sepulchral monument. It is composed of Syenite; and its immense shaft, more than a hundred feet high, and nine feet in diameter, is composed of one single stone, and is surmounted by a Corinthian capital of rather rude workmanship. It is in vain to look for any of Dioclesian's inscriptions, as they have all been most effectually obliterated by the scribbling of the Thompsons, Jones, and Smiths, whose euphonious names are carved at the pedestal. Breakfasts have been given and letters written on the summit, which is broad enough to contain several persons. The usual method of ascending is by flying a kite over it, to which a cord is attached, and subsequently a rope-ladder.

About a mile farther to the north-east, in an unpicturesque corner of a dull, miserable looking square are the obelisks called "Cleopatra's Needles." These beautiful obelisks are each sixty-five feet high, of solid blocks of red granite. One only is standing which is covered with hieroglyphics. The prostrate obelisk is that presented to England by the late Pacha, Mehemet Ali. Notwithstanding its weight (284 tons), and the cost of its transportation to

England, let us hope we shall one day behold it a prominent and elegant monument of the Great Metropolis.

From Pompey's Pillar you get a fine view of the Desert of Borea on the one side, and the great Libyan Desert on the other. The first view of the desert is a thing never to be forgotten: so impressive in its vast, utter, unrelieved desolation, an interminable waveless sea of sand, gradually stretching away into the grey horizon. Not a shrub, not a plant, not one living atom of animal or vegetable life to relieve its fearfully silent solitude. It lay there before me like a petrified ocean,—silent, terrible, and dread. There is something unutterably awful in its unbroken desolation, something which forcibly recalls to the mind the deeds of horror ascribed to the Nomadic Tribes, who go and come, one knows not whither, occasionally darting across its arid surface to perpetrate some deed of violence, and then as rapidly disappearing. Through it there is no beaten track, the ever-shifting sands changing and obliterating all traces of the caravans which traverse them.

Alexandria is said by some writers to be a more healthful residence than the towns farther inland; but one thing is certain, that the plague makes it appearance here sooner by some days than the towns in the interior. The cisterns built by Alexander the Great, when he founded the former city, B.C. 332, are still found in tolerable preservation under its ruins, and subserve the same purpose to the inhabitants of the modern city as they did to those of the old. When the Nile inundates the country, which it does annually, in the months of July and

August, the waters permeate the soil (which is exceedingly light and porous), and fill the cisterns.

From Alexandria we started on a track boat along the Mahmoudieh Canal for Atfeh. This canal, which is forty-eight miles in length, was constructed by Mehemet Ali in the incredibly short space of six weeks*, and now constitutes the means of communication between Alexandria and the Nile. It is about ninety feet broad, and from sixteen to eighteen feet deep.

In about nine hours we were at Atfeh, on the Nile.

The Nile! how the imagination kindles at the thought! what a host of historical and mythical associations crowded upon the mind! On its shores was founded the earliest and most renowned of civilised empires. Here, in the dim twilight of Time's morning, the world's first fathers assembled together to study the phenomena of nature, and the mysteries of the stars. Here too germinated those

* "Orders were given by the Pacha to the Sheiks of the villages "in Lower Egypt to turn out all the disposable part of their popu- "lation, and to conduct them to the site of the proposed canal. In a "few weeks after this command had been given, more than three "hundred thousand men, women, and children were at work along "the line of the Canal from the Nile to Alexandria. They were "unprovided with tools, and were obliged to use their hands in "excavating the earth, and then carry it in baskets and deposit it "on the embankments. Ill fed, wretchedly clothed, and toiling "from day-break till night, in the fierce heat of an African sun, "they suffered dreadfully, and upwards of twenty-three thousand "persons perished. Their carcases were thrown on the banks of "the canal without any of the usual rites of burial. The iron will of "the Pacha was executed, and in six weeks the waters of the Nile "were let into the canal, and Alexandria, after a lapse of several "thousand years, was once more connected with the Nile."—— *Morris' Travels, p.* 165.

theological and philosophical ideas which, in a later age, Plato reduced into a more classic form, and which the fathers of the Church subsequently engrafted upon the doctrines of the primitive Christianity; ideas which are now so closely interwoven with our whole social existence, that without them modern civilisation would be but a sensual refinement doomed to inevitable decay. Here too, upon the banks of the same river, was spent the childhood and youth of him whose destiny it was to shake the throne of the Pharaohs, to liberate a captive nation, to mould a people's faith, and lead them forth to conquest and to liberty.

On its shores lie buried the ruins of the renowned Memphis, Thebes, and Denderah; and, as the vessel glided along over its muddy waters, I felt within me an indescribable longing to trace out the hidden fountains of its birth, those fountains hitherto concealed from human ken in the inaccessible mountains of the South.

Our boat went along so leisurely that I had ample time to take a survey of the shores as we passed; and I must certainly confess that there are few things (setting aside the historical associations), more tedious and uninteresting than a voyage up the Nile, at least as far as Boulac. The shores are perfectly flat,—so flat indeed that the landscape might be described by a parallel ruler; a horizontal line for the river, another horizontal line for the bank,—a line for the horizon itself, and a few angular lines for the palm trees which are occasionally seen, and you have a picture at once of the unrelieved monotony of the scenery. Here and there a few mud villages appear in the distance, pretty when seen afar off, but wretchedly filthy and miserable upon closer exami-

nation. Each cluster of hovels is, however, relieved by a Mosque with its white-washed minarets, and a group of palm trees which invariably surround these sacred buildings. The land, far as the eye could reach from the river to the mountains, which on either side cut off Egypt from the desert, was all under cultivation, though I cannot say much for the agricultural skill and science of the inhabitants. Numerous birds, unknown to me even now, were constantly darting across the vessel's track, displaying their beautiful and variegated plumage.

In some of the Arab villages on the banks I noticed the Arab women in their blue robes with their urns, moulded precisely after the ancient form, upon their heads fetching water from the river; and occasionally we saw a half-starved fellah, seated on his donkey, with his long nabout or stick in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth, riding lazily along.

At about ten o'clock at night we arrived at Boulac, the southern harbour of Cairo, which lies two miles distant from the town, on the eastern branch of the Nile, and about twelve miles from where the river divides and forms the Delta.

After going through the routine of having all our baggage weighed we entered an omnibus-looking vehicle, which conveyed us to the hotel in Cairo.

Cairo, formerly called El Ekahireh, but now Musr, is the capital of modern Egypt. It is situated in a plain on the right or eastern bank of the Nile, about midway between the river and the Mokattam ridge. Like most Oriental towns, it looks best at a distance. Seen a little way off, it is beautiful in the extreme; but it is all show—all parade: in fact, everything in the East is for *show*, from the fretted minaret down

to the tasselled pipe, which the servant carries before his master. The streets of Cairo, or rather the lanes, are narrow, irregular, and unpaved; and half of the inhabitants are so ragged and naked, that in England they would be accommodated with a month's lodging in the house of correction for indecent exposure. The streets are not much wider than some of the alleys in London, and carriages are never seen in them; but, to make up for their absence, the streets are crowded with horses, donkeys, camels, and dromedaries, and muffled women mounted on mules. The air is perpetually filled with particles of fine sand, which, combined with the glare of the sun and the thermometer at 110°, makes all travelling sufficiently unpleasant. The Frank quarter is much less crowded, but the other parts of the city are absolutely crammed. The houses are spacious and lofty, though scantily furnished, and have closed balconies projecting into the streets, which latter are often only five or six feet wide. The windows are of lattice work; and on the roofs of the houses there are terraces, where at night the families resort to enjoy the cool air and the moonlight. The usual travelling is on asses; an Arab servant goes by the side constantly shouting "riglak chemalak" (take care of your legs). The meeting of two loaded camels in these narrow streets is an opportunity for swearing, shouting, and fighting, which the drivers never let pass unimproved. Soldiers are stationed at the corners of the streets, and no person is allowed to leave his house after sunset without a lamp. This law is strictly enforced in both Alexandria and Cairo. The gardens, which are numerous, are separated by long walks with gutters on either side. Some in-

teresting and noble monuments of Arabian architecture are still in existence, and in the vicinity of the town lie some of the most celebrated works and antiquities of ancient Egypt.

Here it was that I made my first acquaintance with the musquitoes. At sunset, when those merciless tormentors emerge from their hiding places, the servants hasten to draw the musquito curtains tightly and closely around the beds. On getting undressed one has rapidly to part the curtains, plunge into bed, and draw them as rapidly together again, and lucky is he if some score or two of musquitoes do not rush in with him through the transitory aperture. Whether it was owing to my aukwardness in getting under the curtains or not, I cannot say: all I know is, that they made a vigorous attack on me here. Nor are these the only pests the traveller has to encounter: fleas and bugs disturb his rest by night, and flies by myriads help him to devour his meals by day. Ophthalmia is very prevalent, arising from the keen transparency of the atmosphere, combined with the fine particles of sand, which are constantly floating through the air. Whilst riding through the bazaars, I calculated that every *fourth* man, woman, or child (as the case might be) was afflicted with it more or less. One day, I observed to Abdullah, my dragoman or guide (who had been in the service of poor Elliot Warburton in his travels in Egypt), that he was suffering from ophthalmia, and remonstrated with him why he did not seek advice from some European surgeon, to prevent the otherwise inevitable loss of his sight; the only, and very characteristic reply I got was, "God wills it." The doctrine of fatalism is so strongly bound up in their religion that nothing

can induce a Mussulman to take a remedy for any disease that overtakes him.

There are upwards of eleven hundred cafés, and four hundred mosques in the town: among the latter that of Sultan Hassam stands pre-eminent for its Saracenic architecture and arabesque ornaments. I rose early in the morning, and having gained the highest ground outside Cairo, saw the sun rise,—one of the most magnificent and gorgeous sights possible to conceive. From the citadel we had a fine view of the Pyramids, the Nile, and the desert.

I afterwards visited the Pyramids themselves in company with a fellow traveller, a Mr. J——. Over night I had arranged with Abdullah to have relays of donkeys ready early in the morning to convey us thither, the distance being about ten miles. Accordingly we had three relays of these invaluable animals placed on our route.

Here I must beg leave to introduce the Egyptian donkey to the notice of my friends unacquainted with his merits, and I cannot do so in a more truthful and lively manner than by quoting the account bestowed on him by Mr. Morris, the American traveller:—

"He is about the size of a Shetland pony, with a "close-shaven coat, leaving only a tassel of hair to "adorn the extremity of his tail. His ears are long "and pointed, his eyes of a patient enduring expres-"sion, and he carries himself with an air that seems "to say he knows his duty, and is ready to perform "it, hard as it may be. He bears a parti-coloured "pack saddle, which, though rather broad, makes an "easy seat. A neat bridle and saddle complete his "equipment, and when well fed and dressed he "carries his head with as aristocratic an air as any

" biped of the asinine breed. The donkey is always " accompanied by his driver, an Arab boy, clothed " in a blue cotton tunic of rather scanty longitude. " The donkey will trot, canter, or gallop; but if " the injunction of the driver to 'loosen his bridle' " be not strictly regarded, he will be very likely to " pitch you over his head. The donkey boys are " a part and parcel of their beasts. By day they may " be seen sleeping in the shade with their donkey " for a pillow, and by night they lie down side by " side, and sometimes partake of the same food."

The principal Pyramids are three in number, that of Cheops being the largest. The ascent of this is on the eastern side and is comparatively easy, though attended with some danger. The pyramid consists of a series of platforms, each of which is smaller than the one on which it rests, and consequently presents the appearance of steps, which diminish in length from the bottom to the top. I ascended to the top of Cheops with my fellow-traveller, attended by a parcel of Bedouins who live around the pyramids, and who are eager in offering their services as guides. Standing at the base of the Great Pyramid, and looking up its sides, it seemed " to lean against the " sky." Both my friend and I were too eager to scale the summit to stand long at the base. The ascent was made in this manner: a Bedouin mounted upon the stone above, extended his hand to the person ascending, while another aided him with a lift of his shoulder from below, so that in twenty minutes we found ourselves at the apex, a space of about twenty feet square. We had only rested once in ascending, this was at about half the distance up, so that we needed a few moments to regain our breath.

We lit up our cheroots and began to take advantage of our position for a survey of the country. The view from the top of the pyramids is very fine, and, as may be imagined, very extensive: on one side stretches out the immense Libyan desert; and on the other, the city of Cairo and the green and fertile valley of the Nile. Whilst on the summit we were bored by our Bedouin guides for "bucksheesh" (a present of money), but my fellow-traveller and I were both of opinion that it would be a more fitting opportunity to accede to their request at the base of the pyramid, so pointing downwards I made them understand they should have liberal bucksheesh on our safe arrival at the bottom. The descent is much more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, for the reason that having a clear sight of the height you have attained, it is apt to bring on giddiness in the head and so to make you lose your balance. For my own part, I found I could not get on so well whilst the Arabs had hold of each hand and jumped down with me from stone to stone, so I released myself from their hold, and made the descent without this part of their assistance. I was as truly glad to find myself safely landed at the bottom of the pyramid, as I was that I had soared to its summit.

The steps of the Great Pyramid are on an average three feet in height, varying as they do from the base to the summit from four feet to two feet; and I may here remark that all the Pyramids are built of limestone.

Having made the ascent of the Pyramid of Cheops, we next turned our attention to the interior. Let me begin by stating that the four sides of the Pyramids correspond in position to the four cardinal points of

the compass, and that the entrance to the interior of Cheops faces the north, indubitably proving the adaption of the Pyramids to astronomical purposes. The mouth of the entrance we found was about thirty or forty feet above the base. The Bedouins again became our guides. We proceeded down the passage, crouching and groping our way, each preceded by a guide with a taper. On arriving at the bottom of this passage, we turned off into another on our right, which ascends into the body of the Pyramid at a rather sharp angle. We followed this until our way was obstructed by a rock which overhangs the mouth of a well. This well is supposed to lead below the level of the Nile, to subterranean passages, or probably to some canal connected with the Nile, and served as an auxiliary in the religious solemnities performed in these subterranean caverns. It has been descended to the depth of one hundred and fifty-five feet, and subsequently to that of two hundred and seven feet, without attaining the bottom. Climbing further we came to the point whence a long gallery branches off to the Queen's Chamber. We continued our way however up the passage leading with a gentle inclination to the King's Chamber. After considerable toil, we reached the great chamber of the Pyramid. Notwithstanding the many tapers provided by the Arabs, their united illumination gave us but a faint idea of the size and appearance of the chamber. We could see however that the ceiling and walls, like the passages we had traversed, were lined with immense slabs of granite and porphyry, polished to an extraordinary degree of brilliancy. This chamber being in the centre of the Pyramid is supposed to communicate with other chambers. In this apartment we observed

a sarcophagus, broken and mutilated. We now retraced our steps to regain the open air, and to visit the Sphynx, which is close to the Pyramid of Cheops. It is hewn out of the solid rock, is 143 feet in length and 62 in height in front. This gigantic figure sits smiling placidly and benignly, and seeming to exult in the baffled curiosity of the bewildered traveller. The head and neck are alone remaining above the sand, and the face has been so much marred, that it has lost much of its original beauty. The outlines of the face however are extremely beautiful, and indicate at once that it is a sculpture of great merit. The height of the Pyramid of Cheops is reckoned at 479 feet, that is 15 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 119 feet higher than St. Paul's, London; whilst the area of the base measured along the outside of the stones let into the rock, is 64,753 square yards, or about 13½ acres. None but those who have seen them can have any idea of their sublimity, standing as they do upon a ridge of rock one hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding desert.

> "Like dials that the wizard, Time,
> "Has raised to count his ages by."

Standing there in giant grandeur, amid a boundless and solitary waste of sand, they seem to utter forth to the marching ages a mute and solemn eloquence from their desert home; while upon their sunlit summits the past and the future seem to be mysteriously arrested, and blended into one everlasting word; surviving alike the lapse of ages, the subversion of dynasties, and the explosion of thrones, they have come down through forty centuries unchanged and undecayed.

The next portion of my journey was to me of intense

interest, having a great desire to see the desert, across which I was about to travel. The arrangements for crossing being complete, I started with the other passengers, and I will do my best to narrate the manner in which it is accomplished.

The distance from Cairo through the desert to Suez is 84 miles, and there are fifteen stations on the line of route at about equal distances from each other, numbered from 1 to 15. Numbers 4, 8, and 12 are stations of refreshments,—No. 8 being the principal or half-way station. The vehicles in which we travelled are something in shape like an omnibus, though shorter and narrower, running on two wheels only, and drawn by four Arab horses, driven four in hand. Each vehicle contains six persons.

It will be readily seen that the arrangements made for this part of the journey, thanks to the Transit Administration, are now very complete, convenient, and agreeable. We made the journey in about seventeen hours, including all stoppages.

Now with regard to the desert: it certainly presents but few objects of attraction or interest; a single acacia tree near the middle station; here and there pieces of petrified wood; a few wells; the telegraph stations, with one or two old forts a few miles from Suez, are all that relieve the monotony of the scenery.

Fully to enjoy the scene I had so much wished to look upon, I withdrew to a considerable distance from the half-way station, where I could contemplate alone and undisturbed. The most profound silence reigned around,—a silence which, combined with the utter barrenness of the earth, produced the most desolate sublimity. The extreme desolation of the

scene induced a melancholy grandeur which elevated the mind and led it to the loftiest contemplations.

There lay the expanse of sand before me in all its arid vastness. There was nothing of human littleness or human life to distract the thoughts; the very absence of interesting objects in Nature seemed to drive the mind back upon itself; and though a train of vague and dreamy reflections were excited, it stimulated the mind to the deepest thought.

Upon reaching Suez, a bath and a performance of one's toilet, followed by a good meal at the hotel, seemed to give me fresh life after the fatigue of the journey.

Suez itself is a filthy and most miserable place, built upon the verge of the desert, with not a particle of vegetation near it, and the nearest drinkable water that can be obtained is three hours' ride distant in the desert. Its position at the head of the Red Sea is the only circumstance that makes it habitable, as it thus forms the connecting link between the Mediterranean and the highway to India. Hence the respective cities of Arsinoe, Cleopatris, and Kolzum were successively built here by the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Suez contains about 800 inhabitants, and it is interesting from the fact that at or close to this spot it is generally supposed the Israelites crossed the Red Sea when pursued by Pharaoh.

Our stay in Suez was short, as the steamer "Victoria" was lying off in the gulph to convey us to Bombay. As soon as all the passengers were on board, the vessel got up her steam and proceeded down the Red Sea, arriving at Aden on the eighth day at midnight. The scenery on the shores of the

Red Sea is Rocky, rugged, and imposing, but barren and without vegetation, giving no sign of shrub or tree.

Aden is a second Gibraltar, utterly unassailable by sea, and very hot and unhealthy. It is garrisoned by troops both from the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. Here we took in coals, during which unpleasant though most necessary operation the passengers all landed and slept on shore at what is termed the hotel.

I rose early, and after paying a visit to the camp, which is distant about three miles from the hotel, I returned to the steamer, and at precisely twelve o'clock at noon we left Aden to conclude our voyage to Bombay. After another voyage of eight days, we cast anchor in the harbour of Bombay.

The scenery for miles before entering the harbour is extremely beautiful, and makes a most pleasing impression upon the traveller who is visiting Bombay for the first time.

Having at length reached our destination, I was most anxious to get upon shore. On landing at the bunder or quay, I was much struck with the novelty of the scene; instead of the familiar London cab or omnibus which hail travellers on their arrival in England, fancy a goodly muster of palkies or palanquins, with their copper-faced bearers, lining the quay, these fellows continually shouting Palki Sahib? Palki Sahib? Highly amused with the scene, and having esconced myself in one of these palkies, I proceeded to the British hotel, where for the present my friends will please to imagine me, and in the next chapter I promise they shall hear further of me.

Second Part.

ERRATA.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND PART.

My dear Friends,

I made a promise at the conclusion of the First Part of my little Narrative, which I regret I have been so slow in performing.

The arranging of my notes into a sort of narrative —short and imperfect as it is—required some little time and attention to pen and ink; and, engrossed as I am in other matters all the day, I confess I have not had the inclination to string myself up to work again at night,—hence the delay. You will say, perhaps, this is a poor excuse; but it is the simple truth, and so I trust you will grant me your kind indulgence in this respect, as well as in your criticism of the style and diction of the Narrative itself.

Yours truly,

T. D. L.

31*st December*, 1856.

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY THROUGH INDIA.

SECOND PART.

THE first thing I did upon my arrival at the British Hotel was to take a warm bath, and, after performing the offices of the toilet, I visited the office of Mr. T——, at whose house I was induced to take up my residence during my stay in Bombay. Feeling somewhat fatigued I retired to bed at half-past nine P.M. Whether from the heat, the musquitoes, or from reflecting on the novelty of my position, I scarcely know,—perhaps owing to a combination of the three,—I could not sleep. I should think I had not been in bed longer than an hour, or an hour and a half, when a most vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder, which shook the house to its foundation, added to my discomfort and alarmed me not a little. This was the commencement of a fearful storm, which continued until five A.M. and which kept me awake, and made me most uneasy during the whole night. I tried my utmost to console myself with the hope that such storms were not of common

occurrence in the country in which I had just arrived. In the morning I was glad to find that such a storm was a rare event, especially at that season of the year. It was the month of March. The local newspapers teemed with accounts of it the next day; and it appeared that the thermometer and barometer shewed some very singular variations immediately before and during the storm. Such was my first night in India!

Bombay certainly, thought I, is a curious place, after I had wandered about it a day. The Northern district is principally inhabited by Parsee families, and is offensively dirty and forbidding. The houses are built of wood, with sloping tiled roofs and verandahs. The shops and warehouses in the European quarter are very large and commodious. There is a great deal of life and bustle going on till sun-down. The streets, if streets I must call them, are crowded with the native population: Parsees, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Persians, Arabs, Mahrattas, Portuguese Indians,—all hurrying about: you have also buggies, broughams, with Venetian windows, palanquins, and other conveyances, for the Sahibs or Europeans. Imagine this, together with the different gay colours of the dresses and turbans of the natives,—and N. B. don't forget the intense heat,—and then you have the general aspect of Bombay, at least, as vividly as I am able to put it before you.

The island of Bombay is about eight miles long and three broad. The interior of the island is ten or twelve feet below high-water mark, and was formerly often flooded; but the flooding is now prevented by the construction of several important works which effectually keep out the spring tides.

Its harbour is the finest in the Anglo-Indian empire; its excellency, in fact, has given the name to the island: Bombay being a compound of two Portuguese words "Bom Bahia" (good harbour). The small islands of Salsette, Colaba, Elephanta, and Butcher's Island, form the boundary of the harbour.

Bombay was wrested from the empire of the Moguls by the Portuguese in 1530, and came into our possession in the reign of Charles II. on the occasion of his marriage with the Infanta Catherine of Portugal. It was made over to the East India Company in 1668. The city of Bombay is on the south-eastern extremity of the Island, surrounded by extensive fortifications. The population is estimated at between 200,000 and 300,000.

My business on which I went out to India, obliged me to place my name prominently before the European community, and accordingly I advertised in the leading newspapers of the place. This, by making my arrival known, enabled me also to get more speedily through my work. Accordingly, after a sojourn of about twelve days, with a very good knowledge of the place and its ramifications, I began to make preparations to leave Bombay. Before doing so, I had a most important arrangement to make, viz. to engage a head or managing servant: now this may not appear to my readers so grave a matter as it actually was. At all times a matter of some difficulty, with myself it was particularly so, inasmuch as without any knowledge of the language of the country, or the peculiar habits and customs of the natives, I was about to travel over the greater part of India, and therefore required a man on whom I could carefully depend.

After seeing more than twenty of all castes—Mussulmans, Hindoos, and Portuguese Indians, I fixed upon one of the latter. He was an intelligent-looking young man of about twenty-four years of age, who brought me some excellent letters of character, besides which he was fond of travel—could speak Hindustani, Mahratta, and Guzeratti. I liked his appearance too, so I engaged him. He accompanied me, as will be seen, throughout my journey, and a more faithful and honest fellow I never need desire to have about me. When the trouble and annoyance so commonly entailed upon one by servants in India are taken into consideration, I cannot but congratulate myself upon the happiness of my choice, in having secured one who fulfilled all his duties so much to my satisfaction. Poor Francisco Levasquiera, I shall always remember thee with feelings of gratitude and kindness.

The first start I made from Bombay was to Broach in the Guzerat country, to visit my brother and cousin engaged in the cotton trade there. I left by steamer for Surat at about mid-day, and arrived there at eight o'clock P.M. on the following day. The travellers' bungalow being full, I remained on board all night, having a very kind friend in Captain Church, the master. In the morning I sent my servant ashore to the tāpāl or post office, to inquire if there was a letter for me from Broach; "none" was the answer, so I hastened on shore, engaged two gharrees, one for myself and the other for my baggage and servant, and set out for Broach, forty miles distant. Now, I hear my friends ask, what is a gharree? These gharrees, indeed, need some little description; they are wooden carts with bamboo

bottom and sides, and a circular top with a covering to keep off the sun, without any springs, and are drawn by oxen. The roads have deep ruts made by the wheels, often more than a foot deep, and the dust fully ankle deep, so that when you consider that these gharrees are drawn, as I have said by bullocks, and that they have no springs, you can readily conceive this mode of transit is neither very fast nor agreeable. I had a mattress with me, which I placed in the gharree, upon which I lay, thus avoiding some of the jolting I should otherwise have been subjected to. As it was, I found myself quite bruised and sore enough on reaching Broach, you may be sure.

Surat, or, as the natives call it, Soorut, (a Hindoo word signifying beauty,) is situate upon the River Taptee, is one of the oldest cities of this part of India, and is famed for its mercantile importance. Its chief export is raw cotton, which is shipped to Bombay. I cannot say much for its buildings—they are certainly of the *composite* order, being strangely blended together of wood and brick. There is an old and picturesque burial ground here, most of the tombs of which are built in the Mussulman style, with large apartments surmounted by vaults, and in ruins. The majority of them date from one hundred and forty to two hundred years ago, and are tenanted by the former servants of the East India Company. The heat of Surat is intense; and, if a hot wind is blowing, as was the case when I was there, it is not the most inviting place for tourists.

From a place called Kym Chokie, where we halted, about halfway between Surat and Broach, the scenery is luxuriant and grand in its appearance. I awoke at five o'clock in the morning, and found myself still in

my gharree, so I turned out, gun in hand, and walked with the gharrees for three-quarters of an hour. Jungle skirted both sides of the road, and no doubt plenty of sport was to be had if I had penetrated it; as it was, I contented myself with shooting a few jungle pigeons, and other birds whose names I cannot give. At mid-day I found the heat exceedingly oppressive.

At Broach, after crossing the River Nerbudda, I found my brother's gharree waiting to take me up to his bungalow. I was glad that I had finished this my first journey, and eagerly entering the gharree, I left my servant to bring up my baggage. I will not here tire my friends with an account of the meeting of myself with my brother and cousin; suffice it, that we were all rejoiced to see each other. My presence amongst them was remarkable, inasmuch as six weeks ago no one could have predicted or imagined such an occurrence.

This being the height of the cotton season I saw all the cotton gins at work, as also the presses, &c. During my stay at Broach I met with Mr. Mackay, the Manchester Cotton Commissioner, a very intelligent shrewd man, but who, poor fellow, did not live to conclude the mission upon which he had been sent. Time passed away with me very pleasantly here, though from twelve to four the heat was very great, which was the only one thing disagreeable. The thermometer in my bedroom marked 98° to 100°; one day it exhibited 102°, with a hot wind blowing as from a furnace. These hot winds continued for two or three days longer, the atmosphere being excessively dry and hot.

Broach is a somewhat large and ruinous place on

the northern bank of the Nerbudda, which is here nearly two miles wide at ebb-tide, and when the tide is in constitutes a noble piece of water. Nevertheless, it is very shallow, and not navigable to the town, except for very small vessels. Its chief trade is with Bombay, and the principal export is cotton. One of the principal buildings at Broach is a hospital for diseased insects, wounded birds, and infirm old beasts. The principal patients are monkeys, peacocks, horses, cats, and dogs. The hospital is richly endowed, and is managed by the Brahmins, who, of course, derive the greatest amount of benefit from the institution.

Another curiosity in the neighbourhood is the celebrated Kaveer Bur, or Banyan tree, which stands on an island in the Nerbudda, about twelve miles from Broach, and which was once of such an enormous size that it was said to have been capable of sheltering ten thousand horse, and even now constitutes one of the noblest groves in the world, though a large portion of it has been washed away by the continual inroads of the river. It is said by the natives to have been planted by the saint whose name it bears, and it was famed throughout India even so far back as the coming of the Portuguese.

Having remained at Broach a fortnight, at half-past five P.M. on the 7th April, I set out for Baroda, two days' march from the former place. Encamping next day at noon under the shade of what is called a "Peepul tree," I took my dinner, and told my servant to inform the gharree-wallahs that I would give them a rest till three o'clock, on condition that they should not halt during the night, to which they agreed. On my road up I saw a number of baboons jumping about in the branches of trees, whilst in one

tree alone I counted no less than thirteen monkeys of a smaller species than the baboon, and the trunks of these trees were invariably surrounded by numerous lizards,—not very pleasing to the eye of a newly-arrived traveller you may be sure,—of a yellowish-green colour, measuring about a foot and a half from the nose to the end of the tail. Peacocks, of a large size, abound in this part, and I could not resist the temptation of shooting one. It was fortunate for me that none of the natives witnessed the act, as they hold the peacock in great veneration, it being one of their most sacred birds.

At sunset I reached the Guicowar's dominions, and, at the suggestion of my servant, I engaged two armed guards to travel with me, as the roads are infested with robbers. Here I observed that all the natives went about, even in their ordinary occupations, fully armed with scimitars and sabres. They are a tall, stout, manly race of men, of a deep copper-coloured complexion.

I entered Baroda about mid-day, and took up my quarters in the travellers' bungalow. This was the first travellers' bungalow I had been in. It was a tolerably comfortable building, with two or three rooms, each containing a cot for one's bed to be placed on, a table, and two chairs. The city is large, and well peopled; the streets, though dirty, are wide and spacious; and the houses lofty—that is for India, chiefly built of wood with tiled and sloping roofs, and rows or terraces along the streets something like those in Chester. The Guicowar's palace is a shabby building, four stories high, with wooden galleries projecting over each other. There are some pretty pagodas, but there is no building worthy of being

designated as decidedly handsome. You meet a good many hogs in the streets, who wallow in the gutter, and then wipe themselves upon the passengers. The cantonment is pretty, and nicely laid out, with a very neat Gothic church, which I was told only cost 12,000 rupees for its construction.

After a stay of three days I left again for Broach, which I reached at four A.M. on the 14th April. Remaining only two days with my brother, I sat out on the 16th for Surat and Bombay. I must confess that I quitted Broach this time most reluctantly, because, situated as I was, about to travel over the three Presidencies, it was impossible to say when or where my brother, cousin, and myself might meet again. There was a deal of uncertainty "looming in the "future." The three of us crossed the river at half-past eight P.M.; it was a beautiful, clear, moonlight night, and, spreading a cloth upon the ground, we sat us down beside the gharrees, and chatted away for an hour. At length, with a heavy heart, I took leave of them. . . . . It was now that I felt myself indeed *alone*, with India before me, and not a friend to rely upon, or to advise with in my future journeyings. I remained five days at Surat and then embarked for Bombay, which I reached at half-past ten P.M. on the 25th April, after a rough and disagreeable passage.

Mahableshwur was my next station, for which I started on the 28th, arriving next day at half-past two o'clock. The journey is performed partly by sea, partly by buggy or phaeton, and partly by palanquin. Of course the palanquin comes into use at the base of the hills, the ascent up which, as the road goes, is a distance of twelve miles. The Mahableshwur hills are 4700 feet above the level of the sea: after living in

the heat of the plains, a sojourn here where the climate is so deliciously pleasant re-invigorates the European; hence it is that, in the hot season, all who can fly the plains assemble on the Hill stations of their Presidency. As Bombay has its Mahableshwur, so has Madras its Neilgherries, Bengal its Simla, and the Punjāb its Murree hills. The thermometer at Mahableshwur marked only 85° in the shade.

From Mahableshwur I proceeded to Sattara. This journey I performed by tattoo, which signifies a hired pony. I travelled in the cool of the evening and in early morning, the heat being insufferable, especially to one unaccustomed to the climate. The road was exceedingly difficult and troublesome: for a long distance it lay through a dense mass of tiger jungle, which was in its turn succeeded by a thickly wooded mountainous district, relieved ever and anon by deep and dangerous defiles, through some of which I had actually to dismount and lead my horse step by step, to avoid breaking his neck and my own together: for at least four miles I did this. I halted for the night at eleven P.M. at a place called Mairah, where my servant and baggage arrived at about one in the morning. Up and in the saddle by five A.M., and after a hard ride of fifteen cos (thirty miles), I reached Sattara at half-past nine A.M. Here I found the hot winds blowing in good style; the place almost deserted by officers and civilians.

The country around is mountainous; but Sattara itself lies in a valley, and is famed for its grapes, which are the finest I ever saw. The palace of the notorious Rajah of Sattara is now occupied by his son, a child of nine or ten years of age. It stands in a large square near the bazaar or town,—a large ugly

building covered with grotesque paintings, and boasting a large array of windows. My stay at Sattara was necessarily brief. I left it at four A.M. on the 5th May, by means of two gharrees for Poona, with an additional servant in the shape of a Mussulman boy, of about ten years of age.

The country between Sattara and Poona is chiefly hilly, barren, and stony; but as I approached Poona it became more fertile, and the road skirted with groves of mangoe trees on either side, bordering large and numerous fields of sugar cane. About one cos from Sattara are two handsome bridges: the one crosses the River Venna, and is 250 feet long, 33 feet high, and 30 feet broad; the other is over the Kistna river, is 324 feet long, 30 feet high, and 34 feet broad. Both, as an inscription tells you, were built in 1839, by the old Rajah Shajee, of Sattara, under the advice of the British resident, Lieutenant-Colonel Ovans: the former cost 85,000 rupees, and the latter 100,000 rupees. They are both substantial specimens of English architecture.

Halted under a large mangoe tree, and towards nine P.M. was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm. I took refuge in a Hindoo temple, and slept surrounded by some fifteen or sixteen stone and wooden deities. We had not been there long before some half dozen worshippers entered, and the priest seemed dreadfully alarmed at the appearance of a white man in the sacred building. Having, through my servant, explained the cause of my intrusion, he appeared satisfied, and proceeded with his ceremonies. Though I told them that I would not molest their gods, the priest appeared to mistrust me, for he left a representative in charge of the said gods during the

whole night. I should have thought the gods could have taken care of themselves. Having rested as well as the rats, lizards, and cockroaches, would permit,—for "their name was legion,"—and, having kept up a little war against them for some hours after lying down, I rose at four A.M., and pursued my journey, heartily glad to find that I was not torn to pieces by the tormentors of that well-remembered night.

I had some good shooting on my road the next day, and reached Poona at about one o'clock on the 8th. My eyes had become badly bloodshot, from exposure to the hot winds and the glare of the sun; in other respects I was well, for which I had great cause to be thankful. Finding my Mussulman boy too young for the rough life of travelling, I had him conveyed back to his father at Sattara, and engaged in his place a Mahratta youth of sixteen, for whom I had, as is the custom, a cloth strap slung over his shoulder, attached to which was a brass plate with his master's name engraved thereon. This gives the wearer a position, and he considers himself of some consequence, I assure you.

Poona, besides being a very large and ancient city, is the largest military station in the Bombay Presidency—moreover, it is a very healthy spot, and is much resorted to in the monsoon or rainy season. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the wealthy Parsee merchant of Bombay, has a splendid residence here.

Intending to locate myself at Poona for some time, I took a small bungalow. I also purchased a tent, an article I could no longer travel without. I made my arrival known, and having remained four or five days transacting business, I deemed it advisable to visit Ahmednuggur without further delay, and before

the setting in of the monsoon (which takes place about the first week in June), and then to return to Poona. Accordingly I set out for Ahmednuggur, which is a three days' march from Poona, and arrived there at five A.M. on the 16th. The excellence of the road, so very different to what I had hitherto traversed, surprised me; there is what is termed a "pucka," or well-made road connecting the two stations, and herds of deer are to be seen galloping about the country on all sides.

I pitched my tent on the plain near the fort gates. Next day, under canvas, I observed my thermometer stood at 108° at twelve o'clock, and 105° at four o'clock. I lost my breakfast this morning in rather an unexpected manner. Whilst I was dressing, a large jungle dog ran into my tent and stole that which my servant had prepared for me; and as I had just run out of my three days' stock of provisions for the march, I was compelled to put up with marmalade and biscuit, whilst the impudent Pariah dog enjoyed the more substantial meal of which he had taken possession. Now these savage dogs are to be met with in almost all parts of India, and they are often exceedingly troublesome to Europeans, whom they seem to regard with bitter hatred. A good large stick is the best weapon of defence, though, if assailed by a troop, you will most likely have to beat a retreat. They are a ferocious set of brutes, with very large jaws filled with most ugly "grinders," and they carry a most amusing physiognomy indicating the mixed character of their lineage. All traits of the domestic dog seem lost in them, and they possess the wild and savage nature of the wolves, jackals, and foxes with whom they burrow.

18th May; this day being Sunday, I went to church,—weather very hot and unhealthy. The officers of the station were all astonished how I could exist under canvas, and really it was too much of a good thing, so I readily consented to an offer made to me by the Brigadier and Line-Adjutant to take up my quarters in the court-martial room of the fort.

The fort at "Nuggur" is a very old one and stands on a considerable extent of ground—it is the principal feature of the place.

20th. This morning I bought a horse of a Nabob, as I found it impossible to get on without one,—price one hundred and fifty rupees At half-past seven P.M. I set out for Seroor, at which place I arrived and pitched my tent at half-past four P.M. on the 21st.

22nd. Having attended to my business here, I left for Poona at five P.M. During last night I was much annoyed by jungle cats, dogs, and mangoose calling at my tent for anything they might find in the way of eatables.

I reached Poona at half-past five P.M. on the 23rd, much fatigued from travelling and exposure to the sun. My Mahratta boy went mad for about twenty minutes from the effects of the sun, and said "God had "come to live in his head;" but a sound ducking in the next river soon brought him to his former senses.

Poona stands upon a table land about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and is bordered by hills which rise about 1500 or 2000 feet above the plain itself. It is about eighty-four miles from Bombay in a south-easterly direction. It was formerly the seat of the Mahratta Government, and the residence of the Peishwa. The city is not walled, the houses are very irregularly built, the streets ill-paved, and are inter-

spersed with Peepul trees; the population is about 120,000. The pagodas are numerous, but ugly, and the bazaars mean. The cave-temple of Cartee is the most interesting object in the neighbourhood, about a mile distant from the village of Cartee, which is the last village across the western ghauts from Bombay to Poona.

Here, on the night of the 23rd, I was attacked with fever, which laid me by several days. I was very kindly attended by Dr. Harrison, the Staff-Surgeon of Poona, who ordered my head to be shaved; but, having a dread of this operation, I compromised the matter by having my hair cut off close. Independent of the fever, the pain in my head was terrific, which Dr. Harrison told me was caused by the sun having touched my head. It was just as though a twenty-four pounder were rolling about in it.

24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th.—Fever still kept me in, though by continued applications of vinegar and water to my head, the pain was by this time somewhat relieved.

30th. Ventured out in a palanquin, and made one or two business calls. My Mahratta boy has taken fever, and I have been obliged to send him to the hospital.

5th June. Quite restored to health, and let me here mention with gratitude Dr. Harrison's kindness and attention to me during the weary hours of sickness.

24th. Despatched my letters to England, and next day I attended the sale of the effects of the late Lieutenant J. E. Donne of the Engineers, who had just fallen a victim to cholera. I purchased his bullock gharree—a very strong and substantial one—

for one hundred and sixty rupees. On my return home to my bungalow, I found I had again taken fever. On this occasion I was attended by Veynaik Row, a Brahmin, the same who attended poor Donne. He told me I had ephemeral, or the thirty-hours' fever, which is generally considered to acclimatize one. It is very bad while it lasts.

26th. My twenty-fourth birthday was spent on a sick bed.

27th. This day I attempted to get up and move about, having scarcely any fever on me, the consequence was that the fever returned, and I paid dearly for my indiscretion, inasmuch as I was confined to my bed till the 3rd July, and was worse than I had ever been.

The monsoon had now fairly set in, and for the last fortnight it had been much cooler; during this time the rain comes down in *small rivulets*, and it is perfectly astonishing to see how everything shoots up from the ground. Fever and rheumatism are so closely associated with persons travelling at this season in India, that I was not *delighted* with the prospect before me. Indeed, I was told in many quarters that it was quite impossible to travel in the rains. However, I felt I could not justify at home my being idle for so long a time, so I resolved to push onwards notwithstanding the difficulties of the road.

4th July. Accordingly with this idea paramount, though still very weak, I set out at five o'clock this morning for Aurungabad viâ Ahmednuggur, and halted for the night at a place called Loni.

5th. This evening I pitched my tent at Seroor.

6th. On attempting to cross a river, called the

" Seena," this evening, we found it much swollen by the rains and the stream rapid. On gaining the middle, the water was much deeper than I expected; the gharree in which I was became filled with water, and had it not been for the timely assistance of some boatwallahs on the other side, I verily believe that we must have been drowned. As it was, my baggage was much damaged by water, and my bullocks were in their last gasp. Having with great difficulty regained the shore we had just left, we waited till four A.M. the next day, when the waters had somewhat subsided, and then we crossed in safety.

Reaching Ahmednuggur at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th, I took up my quarters again in the fort, and on the 10th, at 6 A.M., marched onwards for Aurungabad. I should mention that between Ahmednuggur and Aurungabad there are no made roads, only a track.

11th. I was caught in a heavy rain on the road to Rustapoor, where I had proposed to halt for the night. In one hour after the rain began to fall the track was six or seven inches deep in water, so that I was compelled to stay at a small village called Chanda, and to sleep in the temple there.

12th. On the march again at four A.M. Halted at Rustapoor for a few hours to give the bullocks a feed. Much rain falling this afternoon I could not proceed, and slept in my gharree at a place called Hewra, before reaching which we lost the track for about half an hour. From here we proceeded to Toka, where I again halted, and thence to Aurungabad, which I reached at four P.M. on the 14th. Thus some idea may be formed of what travelling is in the monsoon; for I have been *four days* marching

twenty cos or forty English miles! There is, as I have before said, no made road between Ahmednuggur and Aurungabad, and the track was often six and nine inches under water, with several inches of mud, and *such mud!* when the rain descends, it is quite impossible to proceed.

At a dāk bungalow, between Ahmednuggur and Aurungabad, I found the following quaint advice written in the travellers' book, which is a book kept at all dāk bungalows, for registering the names, dates of arrival, and departure, &c. of travellers:—

> Oh! traveller, if your locks
> You love to look upon,
> Sit not beneath the sparrow-cocks
> And keep your topee (hat) on.

It is evident from the burden of his song, this waggish traveller had been sitting under the verandah without his hat, little thinking of the congregation of chirping sparrows above him, or of the consequences of his indiscretion to which he was so much alive afterwards.

Aurungabad, which is in the Nizam's dominions, is a very pretty station; the country around is mountainous, and oranges grow here in great abundance. At this time I was troubled a great deal with country boils on my legs, which you may be sure were anything but pleasant companions.

17th. At six A.M. I commenced my march for Jaulnah. This was the most wretched road I had to travel through in India; there are no travellers' bungalows, nor made roads,—a simple track, at this season almost impassable with gharree and bullocks, owing to the deep, thick, heavy mud. At about four cos (eight miles) from Aurungabad, nigh to a native

village, called Chickultana (chickul, mud; tana, town) or muddy town, the mud was nearly to the axle trees of the gharrees; and both bullocks and gharrees became so completely locked in it, that I was compelled to send to Chickultana to procure the assistance of the natives and their bullocks to extricate me from the dilemma into which I had so innocently fallen. Indeed my position was very like that of the flies in the treacle; these poor innocents stick fast in the treacle, whilst I was "stuck fast in "the mud." My friends may laugh at the incident, but I can assure them it was no joke.

Having got clear away from Chickultana and its neighbourhood, with much joy, I marched onwards; but towards evening a good deal of rain fell, and as there was no resting-place near, and night coming on, I pulled up, fed my bullocks, and slept in the gharree.

18th. On the move at four A.M.; heavy mud all day long to encounter, and much rain. No temple or other place of shelter near. Again slept in my gharree in the track.

19th. The same difficulty in proceeding, owing to the two preventives, rain and mud; but I had by this time become quite familiar with, and reconciled to, such obstacles and discomforts. Halted for the night under a large mangoe tree at the native village of Bernampore. Here I was unable to obtain the necessary supplies, so desired my servant to buy a kid, which was on my plate within one hour and a half after being purchased; the poor thing having at our hands met with a "sudden death."

This evening I took a walk around the outskirts of the village, gun in hand; shot a great number of

the large vampire bats, which came flying about on all sides. Cranes, bustards, storks, and deer abound on the track to this place; but this was the first time I had ever seen the horrible visaged vampire bat,—a shapeless, uncouth looking bird, having a head like a fox, an ugly row of long white teeth, and wings, of course, like a bat. From the tip of one wing to the other, when extended, they measure about a yard and a half. These creatures live upon the best fruits, such as mangoes, guavas, bananas, &c.

20th. Arrived at Jaulnah at four P.M. heartily glad that I was again in a station. During the night my gharree-wallah ran away taking his bullocks and gharree with him. He did the same thing at Aurungabad; but there I caught him, brought him back, and gave him a sound drubbing. Natives have a great dislike to travelling during this season, and having received most of his pay, this nigger thought it best to take a hasty leave of me. It is very difficult to get baggage-gharrees during the monsoon, as I understand the natives have a knack of breaking them up to avoid being engaged; but when the rains are over they put them together again.

Jaulnah is a large cantonment with a good bazaar. Murders and robberies have been frequent here of late; but whether on the march, or at a station, I made it a practice to sleep with my loaded gun at my side.

The bungalow, which I had taken during my stay here, was a very pleasant one, with a good garden of flowers and fruits attached to it, and every evening after sun-down, an intelligent native, a high-caste Hindoo, used to ask my permission to walk in my garden, to which, of course, I readily assented. This

man was very fond of conversing of religion, and of hearing about England and the English. He had a great horror of our religion for two reasons: first, that we eat the (in India) most useful and necessary beast of burden—the ox: and, second, that he had no opinion of a religion which was so utterly disregarded by those professing it. For, as he truly observed, though there is a Christian church at Jaulnah, see how few of the "Sahibs loques" attend it. This, I confessed, was but too true; but I explained that though I was compelled to admit that in India, religion and its observances were greatly lost sight of and neglected by the Europeans whose lot had been cast out there, it must not be concluded that such was the case in England, though I could not but deplore the bad example set by Europeans in such a country.

21st. To-day one of my bullocks broke loose from my compound or enclosure, and knocked down a native woman and broke her leg. After expressing my sorrow for the accident, I made the poor creature a present of money and had her conveyed home.

28th. Left Jaulnah for Kamptee, a march of eighteen or twenty days at this season of the year. The journey lies through the dominions of the Nizam of the Deccan, and through a portion of the Rajah of Nagpore's territories. The roads, as usual, wretched, and supplies very scarce. I had several times to fight with the natives before I could obtain a fowl when I saw one; and at one place I was actually compelled to steal a kid from a flock grazing near, and to throw down the proper value for it, to satisfy the owner when he should detect his loss, and to quiet my own conscience. During the greater

part of the journey I subsisted on eggs, Indian meal, biscuits, and milk, the only things procurable.

At Kurranger in the Nizam's dominions I had the good fortune to dine off a roast fowl, pickled onions, and toddy from the toddy tree, and at night reposed by the side of a large tank.

In a few days after starting, the bullocks in the baggage-gharree knocked up, and I was compelled to obtain fresh ones every two or three cos, from the Patels of the different villages, throughout the remainder of the journey, so the condition of the roads may be *perhaps* imagined.

On the 29th instant, whilst in the act of crossing a river, on the banks of which stands a native village, the natives made an attempt to steal my bullocks. My head servant was on my horse, and I was asleep in my gharree. I should mention that my gharree had already crossed the river, whilst my baggage-gharree and servants were on the point of doing so. Four men rushed upon my head servant and held him on the horse—two more seized the driver of the bullock-gharree—and others immediately set to unyoking the bullocks. They succeeded in taking one bullock, by which time my syce (groom) had ran like a madman to make me acquainted with the state of affairs.

"Um marroh Sahib—um bhote marroh," (they are fighting, Sir, they are fighting dreadfully,) said he, in the greatest state of nervousness and affliction. I was soon awake and on my feet. I ran down to the edge of the river, taking with me my bamboo walking-stick; but getting a sight of the affray, I thought the true English weapons of punishment after all the best, so I threw down my stick, and

waded quickly through the stream. My head servant had got himself somewhat freed from their grasp, and I observed was belabouring them with my riding whip. He was, however, getting the worst of it among so many. I had reached the scene almost unperceived, and soon began letting out right and left, to the terror and dismay of those who witnessed the blood of their companions flowing so freely from wherever my fists fell. They could not brook this. I rescued my servant; and though there could not have been by this time less than twenty or thirty, they ran panic-stricken into their village.

The next thing was to follow up my victory, and to recover my bullock; so calling to my servants to follow, (some did and some did not,) we pursued them to their huts, and whilst looking for the bullock, my head servant espied the man who actually took it away, and this fellow I took prisoner to the other side of the river, where I bound his arms behind him, and told him I should take him with me till I pitched my tent, when I should punish him in my own fashion. Another ringleader, an old man with a long white beard, who urged on the younger men to the act, was pointed out by my servant; him I dipped in the river, his age and venerable appearance being sufficient to spare him bodily chastisement. After some little search in the village, we came upon our bullock —yoked him in the gharree, and then proceeded to move forward again. I mounted my horse and told my prisoner to follow, and that it was useless for him to attempt to run away, as I should be sure to catch him, being mounted. Well, my cortège moved on to about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards on the other side of the river, when perceiving that I

had really not only pinioned their kinsman, but was taking him away, they all armed themselves with long bamboos, and came running after us emitting the most hideous yells, &c. They must have thought I was intending to put him to death, when I halted. However, to me things now looked awkward, their number was increased considerably, it seemed to me indeed as though *all* the villages had taken up the matter, and were bent on rescuing the prisoner. There was no time to lose—they were gaining fast on us, and feeling assured that nothing but a bold stand would save me falling into their hands, I ordered my servants to stand in line across the road (I had at this time ten servants); I then dismounted from my horse, took out my gun and deliberately loaded it in sight of the enemy: to my head servant I gave a large horse pistol, which was already loaded; to my groom, my bamboo walking-stick, and the others the readiest weapons to hand. All this was but the work of a moment. My horse was held by one of my gharree-wallahs, who also had directions from me to keep his eye on the prisoner in the rear. Thus the whole cortège was brought to a dead stand, and when the natives came within thirty or forty yards of us they stopped short. I called out, "Come "on; but the first man who moves another foot upon "us, I will shoot dead." And never do I think I spoke more emphatically or more in earnest, than when I uttered the gist of those words in Hindustani; for my own safety I should have felt justified in carrying out my threat. As it was, after gazing wildly on our attitude for a few seconds, they turned their backs, and retreated like so many cats; *they did not like the firearms.*

In reflecting on that moment of danger, which of course I have since many times done, I have often thought on how many of the ten men-servants could I have counted for a firm stand had a mêlée taken place; only on *one* I am sure, and that one, my faithful Francisco; the rest would have run away and hid themselves, leaving me to my fate, and that I know would not have been a pleasant one, for these Arabs of the Deccan are desperate fellows if you fall into their clutches. To conclude the narration of this affair, I was now once again master of the field with the prisoner still in my hands. I kept my word with him, for at the close of the day I pitched my tent, some six cos (twelve miles) distant from the scene of action, unpinioned him, and gave him a sound thrashing, telling him to inform his friends that I had, at least, kept faith with him.

The next day we found ourselves very soon in a dense tiger jungle, from which, however, we emerged at about five o'clock P.M., when I pitched my tent under a large spreading mangoe tree.

31st. Again our route was through jungle. Heavy rain fell last night and again this afternoon. Crossed the Pain-Gunga river at about noon. Some curious wild birds with immense long bills and legs, apparently of the stork or bustard species, gave me a long and arduous chase, but their legs were too nimble and too long for me, so finding it quite impossible to get within gunshot of them, I abandoned the sport. Later in the day I fell in with a porcupine which was running along on the muddy bank of a nullah, and which I killed with my bamboo walking-stick for the sake of his quills.

1st August. I had not proceeded more than two

or three cos when the mud was so deep and so strong that one of the bullocks knocked up. On crossing a nullah or rivulet, my bandie or baggage-gharree was overturned, and most of my baggage again damaged. This circumstance obliged me to halt, though still in the jungle. I rested here till morning, taking care to dry my tent and other baggage. No drinkable water to be found. Kept up a good fire all night outside my tent as a protection against the wild beasts. At six A.M. next day, struck my tent and got on the move, only, as it turned out, to encounter fresh difficulties. The mud was *frightful*, the nullahs dangerous, in crossing one of which the bandie again got upset near a village called Doongaum. At Doongaum I accordingly rested, taking up my quarters in a temple, where I had lots of company, in the shape of jungle-pigs, mangoose, and wild dogs; of course sleep was out of the question, so I smoked sundry cheroots, and lay in wait for these intruders on my repose. I shot one of the latter and wounded one of the former gentlemen.

3rd. To-day I crossed four very awkward nullahs, all within thirty yards of each other; doing so without accident I began to think was rather an achievement. Monkeys, and bears principally of a brown colour, were very numerous on our track. Halted for the night under the branches of a banyan tree.

4th. Chickul—chickul—chickul! (mud, mud, mud!) It would be impossible, I am satisfied, for my friends to form an idea of the nature and resistance of the stiff, black mud through which I passed this day. I was nearly two hours getting over an uncommonly muddy spot of about one hundred and fifty yards! I really thought the gharrees could not

have been dragged through this, but by great perseverance, and by dint of knocking off the heavy encumbrances of mud which clogged the wheels every moment, we did succeed. I reached a village called Mulligaum at night, when I halted, and where I obtained a fowl, which I instantly had cooked, and on my table, such being with me now quite a luxury. The cholera was raging fearfully at this place, and all night the natives were engaged in burning the bodies of its victims. I now began to think of my large bottle of cholera mixture, which I had made up before leaving Bombay, but, thank God, I had no occasion for it.

5th. Finished my biscuits to-day—no meat or bread procurable; so for the remainder of the journey I had to be content with Indian meal, though I was fortunate enough to procure a few eggs before quitting Mulligaum: indeed, these, and the fowl I had last evening for my dinner, were the only provisions obtainable there. Whilst on the march, I saw a natural curiosity in the shape of what is called a jungle cow, which appeared to me to be a mixed breed of camel and cow.

6th. Roads in an awful state from the heavy rains. Fell from my horse whilst in the act of shooting a large bird, which was hovering nearly vertically above me; but, though I brought my bird to the ground, believe me I had no intention of so unceremoniously bringing myself to mother earth, to say nothing of the mud-covering I gave my clothes. Misfortunes never come alone, 'tis said, so my gharree-wallah was attacked with jungle fever soon after I had fallen from my horse. Spent the night in a quaint old

temple, covered on the roof with leaves, near a native village.

7th. The mud two feet deep; and such mud! and no avoiding it. Halted for the night at a small village, and slept in a stable with a goodly company of long-whiskered rats for my companions.

8th. Very heavy unceasing rain all day, unable to proceed in it. Halted at the village of Owye, and took up my sleeping quarters in a building adjoining the Bhudhi or idols.

12th. From the 8th until to-day I was enabled to proceed more rapidly and with less impediment, though the heat for the last three days has been excessive. At about one o'clock I crossed the Wurdhah river at Boorgaum, where I found the wives of the late Rajah of Nagpore encamped with their suite. On inquiry I found they had been stationary there for the last three months, that is, since the death of the late Rajah.

14th. Passed through a very large tiger jungle and saw some jungle camels. The heat continued most oppressive.

17th. To-day I entered Seetabuldee, glad enough that so far my journey was accomplished, and that Kamptee was only nine miles distant. It is just three weeks since I quitted Jaulnah. At Seetabuldee I found the weather very hot, and much sickness prevailing both here and at Kamptee. Thermometer 92° in the shade.

On the 21st at six A.M. I started for Kamptee, which I reached in a few hours.

The country between Jaulnah and Kamptee may be described as being partly agricultural and partly

jungle, but there is considerably more jungle than agricultural land. On the march I observed the cultivation of Jowharrie, rice, cotton, the marking-nut tree, toddy tree, flax, chillies, guavas, pomegranites, and pomelows.

28th. I have taken a bungalow and am very comfortable; my Syce was seized with jungle fever on reaching Kamptee, and has been ill ever since.

31st. Syce's fever has somewhat abated, and I am glad to learn that he will be well again in a few days. The poor devil of a gharree-wallah who was taken ill on the march has suffered much with his fever, but I have had advice for him, and I am glad to say he is slowly recovering.

4th September. The thermometer in my bungalow marks 93°, and the sun is most powerful. I am suffering from prickly heat—a healthy sign—to such an extent, that it is painful to sit or lie down, and the skin of my hands is peeling off from the effects of the sun. In the afternoon we had the heaviest fall of rain I had yet seen in India; it continued for three hours, and it cooled the atmosphere and made respiration pleasant.

9th. The country between Kamptee and Jubbulpoor being full of tiger jungle, besides which there being a large ghaut (over which no gharree can travel), I have been obliged to dispose of my gharree, to discharge my gharree-wallah, and to purchase a palki. I have retained ten bearers to carry myself and palki, and have entered into a contract with these men for two months, allowing them to select their maistree or muccadum. Now, in electing this man, whose word is law with them, the bearers generally fix on the oldest, for the Indian has great respect for

age. This muccadum receives a trifle more pay than the rest, and is responsible for the procuring of other bearers, should any fall sick or run away, &c.

Before starting, the officers of the station strongly endeavoured to persuade me not to attempt to go through the awful jungle which lies between this and Jubbulpoor; for, at this season of the year, the breaking up of the monsoon, when the sun comes out again with redoubled vigour, produces a strong, damp miasma from every species of vegetation, and is peculiarly dangerous. Many indeed told me they would not attempt the journey now for 10,000 rupees. I replied that I could not justify at home the fact of my remaining so long inactive, neither could I content myself with being idle, so, in spite of all dangers and obstacles, I sent my baggage forward on bullocks.

Dispatched my letters to England yesterday, and to-day the 10th, I set out for Jubbulpoor—halting for the night five cos from Kamptee.

11th. Travelled six cos. Halted at a large chowrie in the jungle. Went out tiger shooting, taking with me a Shikarree man, experienced in the intricacies of the jungle, to whom I promised bucksheesh if he would shew me a tiger. This man, after eyeing me intently for a moment, said "he thought Master would run "away on seeing the game." I replied, "Shew me a "tiger, you shall receive your bucksheesh, and shall "see whether I run away." Accordingly with his long fusille and lighted rope, with which he fires his gun, he proceeded to the jungle, giving me his instructions how to act. I was to follow him closely behind, never to get abreast of him, and when he pointed out the tiger to take a deliberate aim, and then if the animal was not hit mortally he would fire himself. We

had not gone far when I saw something in the long grass in advance of us which corresponded with the colour of a tiger, and I pointed it out; the man advanced cautiously a few steps further, and pronounced it to be a cheetah. I at once levelled my gun and fired, hitting the game in the upper part of the body, which caused the cheetah to spring forward; no sooner had he done so than the Shikarree man also fired, and laid our prey dead by a bullet in the head. It was a beautiful beast and prettily spotted. The old man declared I behaved nobly, and after this we shot several jackals, and a young brown bear, a cub, one of several, which ran off on hearing our approach. On our return I saw in the track a large brown bear quietly engaged in the operation of cleaning his face with his paws, and though I only had buckshot in my barrel, I fired, hitting master bruin point-blank in the face. This appeared only to make him smart a little, for after shaking his head and pawing his face sharply, he made one tremendous bound, not towards me, but to the side, and for some seconds I could hear the sound of his leaps among the wood and thorns of the jungle. The old sportsman declared I had acted very injudiciously in firing buckshot at a bear, for it only has the effect of irritating him, and it was a wonder indeed he did not tear me to pieces.

Thus ended my day's sport. In the evening the natives of the place called my assistance to kill an immense snake, which had found its way close up to the chowrie; but fortunately for himself, before I could get out my gun, he made his escape down a hole behind some bushes, and thus spoilt my sport. This is the spot for tiger shooting, for both tigers

and bears abound here, and the natives tell me that scarcely a day passes without a bullock being carried away by the tigers.

12th. Travelled seven cos further; in the jungle all day, (the thickest and most extensive I had yet seen,) and halted at Dungathal, a native village curiously situate, *being entirely surrounded by jungle*, though protected by means of a circle of faggot gates. At five o'clock P.M. I again went out tiger shooting on foot, taking with me two Shikarree men. Getting up in a tree and remaining quiet, I soon had some sport. I succeeded in wounding a cheetah and killing several jackals. The cheetah, however, got away. One of my bearers has a jungle worm in his foot: it is about as thick as a lead pencil and purely white. They are most annoying and painful, and sometimes remain in the flesh for many months.

13th. Heavy rain all to-day, which compelled me to remain at Dungathal, as the nullahs on the adjoining hills had overflown. In the evening I went out tiger shooting, but without any success.

14th, six cos. Halted at a small encamping ground in the jungle.

15th, six cos. Halted at Kori, a small village in the jungle.

16th, six cos. Halted at a chowrie in the jungle.

17th, six cos. Reached Seeonie at about three P.M. where I halted, as I found there was a collector and a small detachment of troops. No supplies to be had, though through the kindness of the collector I was liberally furnished with what I required gratis.

18th. This evening I dined with Lieutenant S—— of the 7th Madras Light Cavalry, and on the morrow I quitted Seeonie for Jubbulpoor at eight A.M.

20th. One of my Hummals was taken ill with an enlargement of the stomach,—a common sickness amongst the natives, arising, I believe, from the quantity of water (not always good) which they take.

23rd. I find I have again entered the dominions of the Nizam. Halted at a small native place, the name of which I don't know. Here I found a Jemidar and a detachment of Nizam's troops. My head servant went into the bazaar to obtain supplies, when a Nizam's sepoy stopped him, and for some reason, which I never could understand, positively refused to allow him to pass. My servant told his errand, and that he *should* go, whereupon the sepoy, assisted by two or three others, maltreated both him and a Hummal who accompanied him. In the mêlée my servant received a shocking black eye, and came to me crying bitterly. I asked him for the particulars of the affair, and finding that he did not strike the first blow, or even offer any grounds for such maltreatment, I determined to take the law into my own hands, and to give a good thrashing to every sepoy I should catch sight of. I had scarcely formed this resolution, when behold! I was waited upon by the Jemidar, who assured me that I should have any supplies that were procurable, and that he regretted the disturbance, and the part taken by his soldiers; saying which, he laid his sword down at my feet in token of submission. I replied, "Take up your "sword; my servants have been injured, which is an "insult to myself, and that I never did, and never "would, allow my servants to be ill-used without "punishing those who did so." Whilst I was thus talking I espied a sepoy outside in the front of my

encampment, whereupon I rushed upon him and gave him a sound drubbing, in sight of his commanding officer. A second one immediately appeared. This fellow resisted me more effectually, but I, with a little more difficulty served him the same as his comrade, and seeing I had drawn blood from him, he ran till he was out of sight. I now returned to the Jemidar, who begged of me not to fight any more. I requested him to ascertain who was the man that had first insulted my servant, and to deliver him over to me for the same course of summary justice, and then I should be content. If he did not do so, I told him I should make a report of the affair to General Fraser, the Resident at the court of the Nizam. The Jemidar asked me if I was in the army or the civil service? I replied I held a commission in the army. "Your "name, Sahib?" "First let me know your name, "and I will give you mine," replied I. He told me his name, and that he was a Jemidar commanding the detachment. "Well," said I, "I am a Captain "in the Bengal Army; my name is Charles Thomp- "son, Captain in the 2nd Fusiliers, and am now on "my way to Agra to rejoin my regiment." He begged me to write down my name on paper, which I did, and handed it to him. He evidently did not like a report being made to General Fraser, and so as a settlement of the grievance, it was arranged between us that at four P.M. that day he would muster the detachment in front of their barracks, and that if I would come at that hour, the soldiers with himself at their head should salute me, and the man who struck my servant should be placed in the stocks for two hours. I said, "Do this; give the guilty man four hours, "instead of two, in the stocks, and I will be satisfied;

"I will be there, Salaam!" Accordingly at the appointed hour, I mounted my horse, and taking all my servants with me, rode to the barracks. I found the soldiers on parade—in all, I should say about forty—the Jemidar at their head. I dismounted, and immediately I had done so, the Jemidar and sepoys saluted me; when the Jemidar stepped out and said he would now shew me the man in the stocks. We visited him in a dark, dingy building, something very like a stable. My servant recognised him as the man who obstructed him and struck him. After dismissing the men, and a few words with the Jemidar, I turned to my servants and told them I felt I had maintained my own dignity, and had received full satisfaction for the ill-usage they had received. I now mounted my horse again, and rode to my camping ground; I need not say, my servants were delighted at the way the matter terminated.

At about seven P.M. a very good-looking Rajpoot boy came to the chowrie, and began to sing a song. Listening for a few moments, I found his voice was most musical, and as it tended to wile away an hour, I had him brought to me whilst he sang his stock of two songs several times over in a most melodious strain. In answer to questions I put to him, I elicited that he had no father or mother living—that he had been taken by them to Judda when about seven years of age—that since then both of them had died. He was travelling about the country singing for his livelihood, and that he was attended by an old Rajpoot woman who had taken charge of him since his mother's death. He did not know his age, but he supposed it to be about fourteen or fifteen years. I gave him some pice and dismissed him,

impressed with his tale, his artless simplicity of manner, and his natural musical talents.

25th. The heat to-day has been suffocating, rendered most intolerable by a hot wind; thermometer 104° in the chowrie. For the first time since my arrival in the country, I bathed in a river hard by where I halted. I afterwards learnt that I was most fortunate in not losing a leg or indeed my life, for the river was full of crocodiles and alligators.

26th. Found myself very ill; my skin dry, my throat parched and burning, and aching pains in my head and every part of my body. This was jungle fever!

27th. Last evening I gave orders to my hummals to have torches ready, and to make all preparations with the least possible delay for a rapid march into Jubbulpoor, now not far distant, for which I have to thank and bless the Disposer of all events, for had I been taken ill of this awful fever in the middle of the jungle, for want of medical aid, I must have died. According to arrangement I set out for Jubbulpoor at two A.M., which we reached at about eleven A.M., having crossed the Nerbudda river within one cos and a half of Jubbulpoor. Several of my hummals shed tears at the idea of their master being ill, and certainly used great exertions to get me on as fast as practicable into Jubbulpoor. Though our acquaintance had been short, they, poor creatures, had evidence in that period of the consideration which I always evinced towards them, their feelings, and their prejudices; and, moreover, that though their colour differed from mine, *I never forgot* we were men and brothers. . . . Just before emerging out of the jungle my large watch-dog was carried off by a cheetah from

the side of my palanquin. We saw nothing of him for half an hour, so on getting out of the jungle we halted for a few minutes, and called and whistled for him; he soon appeared coming towards us with his mouth bleeding, and in his struggle with the cheetah his leg was broken. He was a powerful half-bred English mastiff, and a most faithful servant he had been, since I bought him at Poona. As he was rendered quite unfit for further service with me, I left him at Jubbulpoor. On inquiring about him of my friend Mr. Williams (of whom more hereafter), who returned to England in 1853, he informed me that poor "Tiger" was still resident at the station, a pensioner at the mess-house of the 32nd Regiment of Madras Native Infantry. I sent my head servant out soon after my arrival at the Dāk bungalow to look out for a bungalow to reside in during my stay in the station; having secured which, my hummals carried me to it, when I immediately sent for a surgeon—Assistant-Surgeon Wilkinson of the 32nd Regiment of Madras Native Infantry. He at once pronounced my illness to be jungle fever, the worst, as he described it, of all Indian fevers. He said he would give me six weeks or two months to recover, if my constitution was a strong one, otherwise I might have to return speedily to the hills or to England.

28th. Four of my hummals were taken ill with jungle fever: one of them so bad that next day he was carried out of the station on the shoulders of four men, I fear, never to recover. This man would not take any medicine; but the other three, by strong persuasion on my part, took the same physic as myself,—strong doses of quinine and calomel,—and in about ten days threw off the fever.

Having suffered much for a fortnight, and being most anxious to do business, though very weak, I ventured out and made some calls. Mr. Wilkinson called, and hearing I had gone out in the palki, told my servant it was madness for me to attempt to go out, and that if I had a relapse he would not answer for the consequences.

On my return home from my calls I too surely found I had a relapse, and this was far worse than the original fever. I had to call in the aid of another medical man, viz. Dr. Cheyne, the civil surgeon of the station, a most successful practitioner for the cure of jungle fever. I took by his advice cheretta baths daily at noon, and after much severe suffering, and being delirious for one day and a night, when the fever was at its climax, it took a favourable turn and I gradually recovered. I cannot here speak too highly of the kind attention I received at the hands of these two gentlemen, Dr. Cheyne and Mr. Wilkinson, both of whom are now no more. Neither should I omit to mention the great kindness and generous hospitality of my friend Mr. J. B. Williams, the superintendent of the Thug institution in Jubbulpoor, who called on me, and did all in his power to make me comfortable in my bungalow, and who lent me the daily use of his carriage for an early drive as I gradually improved. I was glad indeed, then, when Mr. Williams and his wife returned to England, to shew them, in however slight a degree it might have been, that I had not forgotten the kindness I had received at their hands,—a traveller and a stranger to them.

I hope my friends will not think me tedious in dwelling at such length upon my illness. The jungle,

through which I had come to Jubbulpoor, is one of the most unhealthy in India; besides, I crossed it at the worst season of the year, viz. the break-up of the monsoon, when the sun comes out again with all his power, " and noxious gasses steam forth from the " saturated earth." This jungle extends from Kamptee to Jubbulpoor, about one hundred and sixty-two miles on one side, and again, for five or six hundred miles along by the Nerbudda across into Scinde.

The Thug institution, of which my friend Mr. Williams is the superintendent, needs here a few remarks. When I visited it there were about five hundred and fifty convicted Thugs and two hundred and fifty boys, sons of Thugs. Here the manufacture of carpets, tents, topees, quilts, ropes, and other useful articles, is carried on. The Thugs, of course, are ignorant of every art and trade, save that of murder, when they first come here; but under the strict discipline of the institution and the able superintendence of Mr. Williams, they soon become well and usefully employed. The dyes for the carpet wools and the iron for the tents are all made in the factory.

Among the noted Thugs in chains is one Ameer Ali, the chief of Thugs, who turned informer to Government, and thus saved his own life. This man has confessed to no less than seven hundred and ninety-eight murders, and has been in prison now for the space of twenty-four years. (*Vide* Captain Taylor's " Confessions of a Thug," wherein all his acts of wickedness are narrated as confessed by this man to Captain T.) He is a well made muscular man, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, with regular features, but a

sullen visage. When I looked around me, and reflected that all these men were *murderers*, the sight seemed to me (if I may use such a term) *horribly interesting*.

16th October. Left Jubbulpoor at eight A.M. for Saugor, one hundred and sixteen miles distant. On the journey I found that I was getting quite strong, and that my appetite was returning, perhaps owing to the change of air. On the 18th I reached Dumoh; after a short stay for business purposes, I left again at four P.M. on the 19th, arriving at Saugor at eleven o'clock A.M. on the 21st, thus accomplishing the journey in five days and a half, including the day stay at Dumoh. This is the quickest pace I have yet been able to attain; but then, it must be borne in mind, I travelled a portion of the night. I noticed that my thermometer in my palki at noon was 95° and 96°, and that at night it fell to 54° and 55°! when I could scarcely keep myself comfortably warm.

The country between Jubbulpoor and Saugor is flat and generally uninteresting, with thick, short jungle at intervals. I observed rice, cotton, jowharrie, mustard, teelee, and, for the first time, tobacco growing,—several fields of it,—near one of which I pitched my tent, and under the influence of the soothing weed perpetrated the following:—

Lines to a Cheroot.

Hail, fragrant weed! How many a time and oft
My only friend and counsel hast thou been:
With thee, my troubles vanish like thy smoke!
By many hated, and by many loved,
Thy soothing influence softens many a heart;
Though like most earthly things thy use is good,
But, *thy abuse* with many an evil big!

26th. This morning I went to church, a very pretty one with numerous punkas working. The congregation was however very thin for so large a station as Saugor.

Nov. 5th. Left Saugor by dāk to Agra at eight A.M., viâ Hameerpore and Calpee, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles, and after a fatiguing journey of seven days I arrived at Agra at seven P.M. on the 11th. This is the first time I have travelled dāk for any great distance, and really I cannot say much in its favour, for though one travels at greater speed, it soon becomes irksome to undergo a disagreeable shaking by day and night without any sort of relief. Moreover it is very expensive. I here made up my mind that it had not, at any rate, sufficient advantages over marching to induce me to adopt it again unless compelled by circumstances.

The country for some fifty or sixty cos out of Saugor is well cultivated, and the road good, but after that distance it is rough and stony. I had to cross a number of chasms both wide and deep, which had the appearance of having been caused by an earthquake. The whole of the country is exceedingly flat, with scarcely an elevation of any sort, so the travelling is monotonous enough. Part of the road I was furnished with an escort of two mounted Huzaris or guards as protection against the Dacoits who overrun the district.

Some five or six days before leaving Saugor, I sent my servants and baggage on to Agra viâ Gwallior and Jhansi, and they reached Agra in safety two days after myself.

A dāk is laid in this manner:—You go to the tāpāl, or post office, at the station in which you may

be residing, and tell the officials you wish a dāk laid to such a place, with eight, ten, or twelve bearers, as the case may be; the post office authorities take care that all through the route relays of bearers are in readiness every four or five miles; they tell you how much is the expense of the journey, and you pay the money to the post office accordingly before starting. In long dāks, as mine was, it is usual for the post office authorities to ask you to give the security of a friend, *resident in the station which you are leaving*, for "demurrage," should any delay in the journey be caused by the traveller.

Dr. S——, 24th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, kindly consented to become security for me, should any demurrage be claimed; and to prevent Dr. S—— being called upon to pay, I was determined that no detention on my part should take place to give rise to demurrage. In no one instance did I delay the dāk, and therefore though I knew I was considerably behind time in reaching Agra, I was fully aware no fault attached to myself. Judge then my surprise at being called upon at Agra to pay demurrage! I refused to pay, knowing that the claim was unjust; and under these circumstances I wrote the following report to the postmaster at Saugor:—

My Report to the Post Office Authorities.

I am satisfied generally with the rate at which I have been carried, but the dawk was very imperfectly arranged. For instance, in my paper given me by the post office at Saugor (hereunto annexed) "eight "bearers and one Banghy-burdar" are entered for me, whereas my official letter to the postmaster was for eight bearers and one *Mussalchie*. At starting

from Saugor the postmaster gave me eight bearers and a Banghy-burdar, according to the paper issued to me by the post office, Saugor, yet on arriving at every chokie I found eight bearers and a Mussalchie had been laid for me. I felt myself bound to act up to the post office paper given to me, and accordingly I always took a Banghy-burdar and the eight bearers, and when night came on I engaged a Mussalchie, and paid him his price at the end of each stage. By my paper not agreeing with the instructions given by the Saugor post office to the different chokies, I met with a good deal of trouble and delay.

At the stage on this side of Hameerpore (the name of the place I know not) there were no bearers ready —some great feast among the natives was going on— and I was delayed from about two A.M. till four A.M. At Calpee I arrived at nine A.M. on the 8th instant, found no bearers, and was informed by the Baboo that he had orders from Saugor to have the bearers in readiness by two P.M. on that day, and that at that hour they would be ready. I could not interfere with the post office arrangements, and I accordingly waited my time, and left at two P.M.

Again:—at Etawah, which I reached at ten A.M. on the 9th instant, I was delayed till two P.M., there being no bearers ready. These delays, with other minor ones to which I have already alluded, have made my arrival in Agra late; for I was told at Saugor by the post office writer that I should reach Agra in five days, and I should have done so without a doubt but for these delays. Never in any one instance have I myself delayed the bearers, and indeed I took only half an hour each day for my dinner instead of the hour allowed me.

Conceiving they will not be out of place here, I should wish to say a few words respecting the present system of dawking. The writer at the Saugor post office distinctly informed me that the sum I paid into the post office was everything I should have to pay. What a mistake this is when one considers that at every stage, both by night and day, you are continually bored and annoyed by the bearers for "Bucksheesh!" which they seem to demand as their right. What a pity it is that the post office authorities should allow these men to ask for anything of the kind. If the sum paid into the post office be not sufficient to carry one through one's journey, why not increase it, and so let the whole amount of your expenses be known at starting. If it be sufficient, why are these men (already paid) allowed to annoy the traveller by their importunities? *They should not be allowed to ask for bucksheesh.* Well might Mr. Tytler say in his work on India, published in 1816,—"If in India you wish to go a journey, you "are carried by poor, half-starved, and grumbling "wretches, while you pay into the post office "enormous wages." For myself, I know of no greater affliction to a traveller than his having constantly to put his hands in his pocket for an unsettled sum, which in nine cases out of ten fails to elicit the satisfaction of the recipient.

T. D. L.

Agra, 11th November, 1851.

I also wrote to Dr. S—— not to pay any demurrage on my account, should he be called on to do so. However, some short time afterwards I heard from the Doctor that demurrage *had* been claimed from

him, and indeed he enclosed me the postmaster's letter to him, to which I replied thus:—

To the Postmaster, Saugor, Central India.

SIR,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, No. 183, addressed to Dr. H. S——, 24th Madras Native Infantry, which that officer (who was my security for demurrage in my dawk to Agra) has forwarded to me.

In reply thereto, I beg to refer you to my report on that dawk, which I forwarded "on Service" to your address through Mr. Forder, Postmaster, Agra. In that report I gave at some length the causes of the delays on my road to Agra, *none of which were on my side*, but all owing to the mismanagement and imperfections in the dawk laid by you for me; and therefore it is not to be supposed that I am, for a moment, going to pay demurrage for the faults of the post office authorities. No! on the contrary, I am resolved to oppose any claim that may be made against me for demurrage. All my reasons for not paying the demurrage claimed by the Mynpoorie Postmaster are stated in my report, (a copy of which I have in my possession) consequently I have nothing to add here. Why I was late at Mynpoorie will be apparent on reading my report, which was compiled from notes taken at every town or village through which I passed.

I beg to return the account enclosed in the letter sent by you to Dr. S——, and beg that if the claim is to be pressed, that you will address *me* on the subject, as, naturally enough, I do not wish Dr. S—— importuned further on the matter. I presume

the Mynpoorie Postmaster has not yet been informed of the causes which made my arrivals late through his district.

I am, Sir, &c.

Cantonments, Delhi, T. D. L.
18*th December*, 1851.

P.S.—On looking over my report I find that the delays therein stated make up as nearly as possible the time which the Mynpoorie Postmaster says the bearers in his district were detained, viz., "twelve "hours" over their proper time. This speaks a great deal for the accuracy of my statement.

T. D. L.

And the same day I despatched the following note to Dr. S——:

To H. S——, Esq., Assistant-Surgeon, 24th M.N.I., Saugor.

Sir,

I am sorry you should have had any trouble respecting my dāk to Agra. . . I beg to give you on the other side a copy of my letter to the Postmaster, Saugor, which will I trust, at least, prevent your being again applied to by him. I am confident of my being in the *right*, and on principle as much as anything, I am determined to resist any claim the post office authorities may choose to make against me for the imperfect and very unsatisfactory dāk laid for me to Agra by the Postmaster at Saugor. Trusting you will hear no further of the matter,

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

Cantonments, Delhi, T. D. L.
18*th December*, 1851.

The post office authorities were this time checkmated; they could none of them gainsay what I had reported, and neither the Doctor or myself ever heard any more of the matter.

Agra, the capital of the North-Western provinces, and now the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of them, is a large old ruinous city, situate on the western bank of the River Jumna, with a population of about 60,000. The fort is ancient and extensive, surrounded by high walls and towers of red stone, from which you may obtain some excellent views of the city and its environs, with the sinuosities of the Jumna.

Here is the celebrated and far-famed Tāj Mahal, built by Shah Jehan two hundred and twenty-five years ago. It is five miles out of Agra on the banks of the Jumna, and is one of the most magnificent structures I ever beheld; it is indeed the most beautiful specimen of Mahommedan architecture in Hindustan, or perhaps elsewhere. It was thirty-five years in building. Its Oriental beauty and its immense size are sufficient to overawe the European with delight and wonder. In a vault below are the tombs of Shah Jehan (King of the World), and his Queen Noor Jehan (Queen of Light); they are of marble, inlaid with the most beautiful flowers and other devices. Above these are several other royal tombs, around which is a beautifully carved ivory railing.

The Tāj is surrounded by an extensive garden, which is laid out with most exquisite taste, and kept in excellent order. The avenue of cypress trees, with fountains playing in the centre, is a most enchanting sight. Then the gardens are interspersed

with cool, shady walks, are stocked with flowers of every hue, and with almost every kind of fruit that India produces; decorated with all that can gratify the eye, regale the ear, or satiate the palate; grottoes of the most refreshing coolness; fruits of the most delicious flavour; and little cascades of the most musical murmurs: it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to believe one's self in fairy land. The building is of white marble, elevated on a terrace of white and yellow marble, and is surmounted by a dome. At its four angles, there are four tall marble minarets, each 158 feet high, from one of which I obtained a fine sight of the surrounding country.

I also visited the fort, which covers a good deal of ground. It was built by Acbar Shah, the grandfather of Shah Jehan, some three hundred and five years ago, and was fifty-two years in building. The walls and floors of the rooms are inlaid with small mirrors and various coloured polished stones, whilst the private rooms of Acbar Shah—called the "Summan "Boorj,"—are beautifully worked and inlaid with white and gold.

There is also the fort of Secundra, which is a short distance out of Agra, and is a building of a similar character. It was likewise built by Acbar Shah about the same time, for it is said that both these forts were completed on the same day. Here Acbar Shah and his daughter, the Queen of Lahore, and her husband, lie interred.

The cantonments of Agra are large and straggling; the roads are good, and the rows of trees in the centre drive of the cantonments give a very pretty effect. Agra is not, however, generally considered a healthy station, and the water is salt and brackish.

22nd. Bought a sowarrie, or riding camel, as a relief to my horse, who is looking rather the worse for the hard work imposed on him.

23rd. Rode my camel for the first time, and on mounting him (which I did with some inward doubts as to whether I could ride him), he proceeded off at a rapid pace with me, and as they are awkward animals to sit on for the first time of riding, I soon found that I could not retain my seat, so over I went, falling on the left side of him,—but my left stirrup held my foot fast, which caused me to be suspended in the air with my head downward. However, like a sensible beast, the camel appeared to possess a natural instinct that all was not right, and soon slackened his pace, when a native came up and held him by his reins, and as soon as the camel was brought to a stand-still the man released me from my critical and novel situation. My hip was slightly hurt I found, by the sudden twist of falling over the side of the camel. During the night I was aroused by hearing a noise at my bedside; at first, supposing it to be my little dog "Gipsy," I took no heed of it, and turned myself round to go to sleep again. I had no sooner done so, than hearing it approach closer to me, I quietly put my hand out of bed and called the dog again, as he generally slept under my bed. The animal came not to my hand,—my oil lamp which I always burnt was *out*, and my room was in total darkness. I strained my eyes to see if I could perceive anything on the floor, but could not; again I heard the noise on the ground, so I seized my gun at my bedside and jumped out of bed; no sooner had I done so than a man started up from the ground and took to his heels, running along the stone passage of my bungalow. I pursued

him smartly,—the door was open,—and immediately I emerged out to the verandah I fired at him. The night was very dark, and therefore favoured his exploit. I at once called up my servants, but finding no trace of the scoundrel I conclude I missed him, much to my regret, because a few buck shot would have done him good.

What the man's object could have been, I know not; whether he came to attack me or my property I cannot divine.

Next morning I assembled all my servants, and placing them in line I addressed them, telling them I felt convinced that one or other were privy to the affair, and that by their eye alone I should be able to detect the guilty party. The door of my bungalow could not have been opened from the outside, therefore, though I did not suspect it was either of them who entered my bedroom, I felt assured that it had been connived at by one of them; with this I walked down the line and soon found the quivering unsteady eye—that of my chokedar (watchman) whom I had only engaged at Agra, as it is a rule for all in the place to have a watchman at night for the protection of house and property. The chokedar protested his innocence, but in so clumsy a manner that I felt more than ever convinced I had formed no wrong opinion of him. I bade adieu to him without paying him his wages; but as he left my presence, I recompensed him for his services with a salute from my foot.

30th. At six A.M. I sent my baggage on bullocks to Delhi, in charge of one of my servants, whose name, Ram Churm, I shall mention, in consequence of what happened on the route.

4th December. Left Agra for Muttra at ten A.M. and travelled the distance (thirty-six miles) on my camel. At Muttra I took up my quarters at the residence of Mr. O. D——, to whom I carried a letter of introduction.

Muttra is a large and somewhat interesting city, as being, according to the Hindoo legend, the birth-place of Krishna, the Indian Apollo. It abounds with Brahmins, bulls, peacocks, and monkeys, which latter may be seen running about the roofs and walls of the houses like cats. The city is very ancient, and dates as far back as three hundred years before Christ. Natives come hither from all parts of India to worship in the large temple, and to wash their sins in the Jumna. The town is built entirely of stone; the bazaars are spacious; and there are several very substantial buildings, which are good specimens of the Native architecture of past ages, and indeed are worthy of a later epoch than that from which they date. As a proof, a standing memorial of the tyranny of the Mahommedan rulers, their palace is built in the exact centre of the town, and to erect it on such a site, many houses of the inhabitants must have been razed to the ground. The Natives say that a great riot, with much slaughter, took place the day the building was commenced. A beautiful temple, built some few years since by Gokul Pattu Singh, graces the town. In the neighbourhood there is a large ruinous castle and a dilapidated mosque. The ground between the town and the cantonments is covered with ruins of buildings once famous.

The cantonments of Muttra lie three miles south of the city, and have accommodation for eight thousand men and horses. It was once a large

cavalry station; but has been gradually reduced, and now only one regiment is generally located in it.

7th. On waking this morning I found that I had been robbed of two hundred and fifty rupees. I handed my servants (whom I strongly suspected of having connived at the robbery) over to the kotwall, and they were placed in the stocks for two days. Their innocence was, however, clearly established, with one exception, so I took them into my service again. My camel groom, whom I engaged at Agra, was the supposed thief, and though we had not sufficient evidence to convict him I had him examined before the Brigade-Major, without however being able to establish his guilt. He was a bad character, for the kotwall told me he knew him to be a Thug, and added, that I might consider myself fortunate in having escaped from his fangs so well, for sooner or later he would have plundered me of my property; or, should he fail in this, he would have taken my life by poison or other means. In the course of his second examination he told an abominable lie, for which the Brigade-Major adjudged him two dozen lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails; he was then discharged both by the authorities and myself. There was no moral doubt in the minds of all that he was the thief, but I had no evidence to support the charge. Neither was there any doubt, the kotwall said, that in the night he had buried the rupees in the ground, and some day, or rather night, he would revisit the spot to possess himself of the spoil.

Whilst at Muttra I was introduced to, and had a long conversation with, a celebrated native banker,—Luchmerchund Seth, the "Rothschild of India," as *The Times* designated him in reference to the great

opium case. I shall briefly describe him as tall, very corpulent, possessing a pleasant countenance and most affable manners.

10th. Set out for Allyghar at mid-day, travelling part of the day on my horse, the remainder on my camel. Halted for the night at Mursaum, which is sixteen miles from Muttra, and took up my quarters in a bungalow in the Rajah's gardens. The Rajah treated me well, for he ordered my servants, horse, and camel, to be fed at his own expense.

11th. I sent my salaams to the Rajah, and at seven A.M. was on the move again, reaching Allyghur at half past two P.M.

Allyghur, though a small dull station, is nevertheless a very pretty place. There are three well-macadamized roads running from north to south, each of which are skirted on either side by a row of shady trees similar to the great avenue or evening drive at Agra. The town of Coel, by which Allyghur is connected by a good road, is two miles distant.

13th. Started at eight A.M. for Delhi, which I reached on the 15th at three P.M. Here I expected to have found my baggage, but instead of this, on arriving at the dāk bungalow, I was doomed to mortification and disappointment. I found a note lying for me from Mr. Morgan, the magistrate of Delhi, requesting me to call at the kutcherry, "respecting "some property found in the Allyghur district." I hastened immediately to Mr. Morgan, who informed me that my bullocks and baggage were found in the Allyghur district without any person in charge of them; that everything had been broken open, and doubtless plundered. We proceeded to inspect it,

and though my desk had been out open with the rest, my draft on Delhi was safe. My loss was not so great as I at first imagined: the robbers had taken only such articles as were of the greatest use to themselves, such as my razors, washing basin, cooking apparatus, and articles of such like character. My head servant, poor fellow, lost all the rupees he had saved since he had been in my service, and I felt very sorry for him. Ram Churm was missing. He had been several months in my service, and, had he been a dishonest man, he had many similar opportunities before to rob me. Besides, I should state, that the bullocks which conveyed my baggage to Delhi were his property, and their services formed part of our engagement. Mr. Morgan's opinion was, that he had been waylaid by Dacoits or Thugs, and in all probability had fallen a victim to these merciless villains. A notice of the affair and a description of Ram Churm was circulated throughout the whole district; but, neither during my stay in Delhi, nor since, have I heard any tidings of him.

Delhi—formerly the imperial residence of the "Great Mogul," is situated on a rocky elevation on the western bank of the Jumna; it is the largest and handsomest city I have seen in India. The streets are wide, and for an Asiatic city very clean, but the dust which arises at certain seasons is suffocating. Many of the houses are large and high, and as I approached this fine city I was much struck with the numerous mosques with their lofty minarets and gilded domes which are visible for some distance from it. But the most conspicuous and elevated structure is the Imperial palace, a large collection of buildings in the Gothic style, with towers and em-

battlements covering a large space of ground. It is of red granite, prettily inlaid with white marble. The King of Delhi, by which is meant the reigning descendant of the Emperors of Hindustan, lives in the palace, receiving a revenue from the British Government.

Then there is the Jumna Musjid, the principal mosque, one of the largest and handsomest places of Mahommedan worship in India. It is entered by three lofty Gothic arches, above which are three domes of white marble, and at each end a tall minaret. The principal trade of Delhi is in shawls and jewellery, for both of which it is a great mart. The inhabited part extends over a circuit of seven miles. The population however is not precisely known, but is computed at upwards of 200,000.

The ruins of the old city lie to the south-west, and are said to cover a space as large as London, Southwark, and Westminster combined. Certain it is that decayed buildings, fragments of stone, brick-work, and marble lie scattered about in all directions, extending as far as the eye can reach. It stands upon the site of a still more ancient city called Indraput.

The Jumna, which overflows the country at stated intervals like the Ganges, destroys instead of vivifying vegetation, in consequence of its waters being strongly impregnated with natron, large beds of which are very numerous in the neighbourhood.

The cantonments of Delhi are three cos from the city, and are well laid out, and arranged for three regiments of infantry, though they are capable of containing one or two more if required. Living in the city, as I did, I found it was compulsory on the part of every European here, as at Agra, to keep a

chokedar: if you do not, you are sure, some fine morning, to find yourself minus your horse, camel, or other portable property which you may possess.

24th. As snipe abound in the district around Delhi, I mounted my camel at six P.M. to spend Christmas-day in the plains, and to enjoy the sport of snipe-shooting. My head servant sat behind me on the camel, whilst three bearers and a coolie carried my tent, cooking apparatus, &c. Pitched my tent for the night at about five or six miles out of Delhi.

Christmas-day. Struck my tent at five A.M. and proceeded onwards for five miles more, when I halted by the side of a large sheet of water which swarmed with snipe. From five o'clock till eight the cold was bitter, it was the coldest day I experienced during my stay in India. I had some excellent sport, having shot twenty-nine snipe, exclusive of many which fell in the water, and which I could not recover.

Dined in my tent. My servant had prepared for me what he called a plum-pudding, but it was difficult to realize the fact of its being one. I laughed heartily when I saw it, for it was a poor imitation of a Christmas plum-pudding as may be supposed. However, situated as I was, I enjoyed my curry and "plum-pudding," which I washed down with a bottle of pale ale, drinking health and a merry Christmas to all friends at home. I returned into Delhi at eight P.M.

29th. Dined with Mr. Copping, the proprietor of the *Delhi Advertiser*, and thence I went to a Nautch given to me by Lalla Hurruck Chund, a wealthy jewel merchant of Delhi. I travelled in my palki, and Lalla met me on a beautifully-caparisoned steed, and conducted me to his house. On entering I found

forty or fifty natives in different coloured dresses and turbans, seated cross-legged round the room, which was lofty and of an oblong shape; some were smoking their hookahs, and others in active conversation. The Nautch girls and the musicians were at one end of the room, while at the other was a small platform erected for the occasion, with cushions and with one chair in the centre of it reserved for myself, to which, after receiving the salaams of the company, I was conducted. On my right sat Hurruck Chund, and on my left his friend Barnarseedoss, both on cushions. As soon as I had taken my seat, the girls commenced dancing and singing. After keeping an attentive eye and ear upon them for some time, I looked around the room at the assemblage of natives, and was as much interested in tracing the different countenances and admiring the richness and variety of their robes and dresses, as I was pleased with the peculiar though often graceful movements of the Nautch girls, bedecked with jewels for the occasion. The music on such occasions, if music it can be termed, is execrable. The room was exceedingly well lighted with oil lights. The whole had a very pleasant effect—it was a purely Oriental scene, and I thought of the great difference between it and a West End assembly.

Each set of girls sang and danced at intervals for about two hours, and at one o'clock in the morning my eyelids began to droop, and indeed to ache. I proposed to take leave of them, but was induced to stay to see a young Cashmerian girl who was to dance next. She was certainly an Oriental beauty, comparatively fair, with regular and well-proportioned features, and with a most fascinating expression in

her eyes. "Her eyelashes were tinted with the dark "dye of the hennah, which heightened the expression "of those black eyes, which, though infidel as she "was, beamed upon me with a benignant lustre." To quote from Byron—

. . . . . "But her eyes
"Were black as death—their lashes the same hue
"Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
"Deepest attraction, for when to the view
"Forth from its raven fringe, the full glance flies,
"Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew.
"'Tis as the snake, late coiled, who pours his length,
"And hurls at once his venom and his strength."

She was dressed in a crimson robe and loose trousers, and profusely decked out with jewels. Her singing and dancing were of a superior order to any that preceded her. After having a glass of water and eating some "pan," as a token of friendship, with my two Hindoo friends, I took my leave at a little after two o'clock A.M.

31st. Left Delhi this morning at seven A.M. for Meerut, travelling alternately by horse and camel, and keeping my baggage under my own eye. Slept in my tent at nights. I was informed on the road that Lieutenant H—— of the Engineers had a few days previously been robbed of all his clothes on his march down from Meerut to Delhi.

Had some good snipe shooting on the road.

2nd January, 1852. Arrived at Meerut at noon, and pitched my tent on the encamping ground. During the night I found the cold intense. Next day I took a bungalow in the lines of H.M.'s 29th Regiment. Meerut is a large, clean, well arranged, and healthy station, having excellent accommodation for troops.

23rd. This evening, walking home with a friend at about eight o'clock, we beheld a most beautiful meteor with a long tail shoot across the heavens. It illumined the whole sky, over which it shed a soft yet brilliant light, and immediately before it vanished from our sight it burst into numerous bright stars.

30th. Set out for Umballa at eight A.M. Travelled by horse and camel as before. Between Saharanpoor and Umballa, and soon after I had crossed the Jumna river, I was overtaken by a dust storm, the first I had witnessed; its approach was plainly discernible at some distance, and for upwards of two hours I was enveloped in a cloud of dust which completely darkened the atmosphere. They are exceedingly unpleasant to encounter, and having now seen one, I don't care at all about falling in with another.

6th February. Arrived at Umballa at about noon, the very day twelvemonths that I left England.

I was disappointed with Umballa; it is the very opposite of Meerut, being dirty, dilapidated, and dusty; the roads in and about it are in a shocking state. The native town, which is four miles north of the cantonments, seemed large and tolerably well built.

Here, after an absence of about ten months, I met with a friend (Mr. C——) who left England by the same mail with myself. We were delighted to see each other again. He very kindly asked me to dine with him the same evening, which, if he had not done, I should certainly have invited him to dine at my table. We had many matters to talk over, and so the evening sped most pleasantly.

12th. Diplomacy urged me to get through my business as quickly as possible, so at eight o'clock in

the morning I mounted my camel and rode to Loodianah as fast as the bad state of the roads would allow him to carry me, leaving my baggage to follow. I engaged a Mussalchie on the route to enable me to travel all night, and I only rested once for an hour at eleven P.M. reaching Loodianah at a little before eight A.M. on the 13th instant.

The same reasons which urged me onwards from Umballa impelled me to commence my business matters here without any delay. After a bath and some breakfast, therefore, I started out, and by sun-down my business at this station was concluded. Loodianah is a very dusty, old, worn-out place, lying on a rise of ground. On account of its unhealthy situation, the Honourable East India Company are gradually abandoning it as a station; it struck me that if they do not soon quit it, it will quit the troops, for both bungalows and walls are fast crumbling to decay.

The inhabitants of Loodianah are composed of Sikhs, Cachmerians, and a few Hindoos. They appeared to me to be a very industrious set of people, and to work hard at the principal trade of the city, namely, a sort of embroidery on cloth for coats, slippers, caps, &c. &c.

In this part of the country fuel is very scarce, and cow-dung is largely and extensively used as a substitute for it. This is kept dried and stacked, and when kindled throws out a most powerful heat.

The peasantry around Loodianah have a clean and comfortable appearance, and consist of Hindoos, Sikhs, and Mahommedans. In the upper parts of the Sutlej, near Loodianah, the inhabitants are exclusively agricultural; but below the junction of that river

with the Beas, their habits are predatory, violent, and treacherous.

15th. To-day I visited Phillour, a station in the Punjāb, a few miles only from Loodianah, on my way to which I crossed the Sutlej (the Hyphasis of the Greeks), which is the boundary line of the Punjāb, and returned the same night to Loodianah.

On my return I found my friend C—— had arrived from Umballa, but next evening he left for Ferozepore.

18th. Left Loodianah for Jullundhur by dāk, leaving my baggage to follow on camels, crossed the Sutlej by a bridge of boats, and arrived at Jullundhur at five A.M. on the following day. Jullundhur is a small but pretty little station, considered to be very healthy. In the neighbourhood live the pure caste of Sikhs. The town of Jullundhur, situate on the Sutlej, is large, and was formerly inhabited by Affghans. It is surrounded by a strong brick wall, and the streets are mostly paved with the same material. The town and suburbs are populous, and the surrounding country well cultivated; the peasantry live in mud huts,—most of the villages are surrounded by a mud wall, whilst many have also a deep ditch, clearly shewing the unsettled state of the country in former times. The best houses are of wood, with flat mud-covered roofs.

21st. This day I had begun to make preparations for the march of my servants and baggage to Lahore, and as a preliminary to this, I wrote to Captain N—— the Assistant Commissary-General, to furnish me with two Government camels and drivers, for which of course I was willing to pay the government rates. The gallant Captain replied that he had lately sold

all the government camels, and that consequently he could not furnish me with any. Accordingly I was driven to seek camels and drivers from the native town, or bazaar, and to trust to the honesty of the men whom I engaged without any means of finding them out, should they abscond on the march, &c. I had by this time seen a good deal of the native character, and I confess I did not like trusting to men of whom I knew nothing, or could know nothing. However, thought I, there's no other alternative, so my servants must keep a sharp watch over them on the march, particularly at night, which injunction I accordingly gave them. After having lost a deal of time, and had a very considerable amount of trouble in finding camels, and drivers willing to go, I agreed with the men from the bazaar, and paid them down, according to the custom, half the specified sum for their hire. In the course of the afternoon, a bearer brought a letter to my bungalow, which was open as usual in India, and which one of my servants handed to me. I read it; it was a few lines from the aforesaid Captain N——, saying that the camels I required should be with me at the appointed time next day, and wishing me a safe journey. That the camels I required should be sent me! This was too good to be intended for me, thought I, as indeed it proved on looking at the superscription; it was for a certain Captain whose name I have forgotten. How much at that moment did I wish myself a captain! of course, the note was returned to the bearer.

It was my intention to have dispatched baggage and servants early the next morning, so I had the camels and men over-night in the grounds of my

bungalow. My head servant, who, with the others, slept in the verandah, was lying awake, when he saw two figures in the dim moonlight gradually rise from the ground near the camels, and quietly lead off, not only the two burthen camels, but my Sowarrie camel, worth about five times the value of a burthen camel. To make sure that they really were stealing, my faithful Francisco waited until they had taken them fairly out of the compound, or piece of ground attached to the bungalow, he then gave me the alarm, and I at once rose, and putting on my slippers, Francisco and I pursued them. I quickly collared one man, the other ran away, leaving his camel, but he was soon overtaken by my servant. We brought the men and the camels back to the compound, when I proceeded to inflict summary justice on the former in thorough English style, when one of them drew a knife upon me. I saw the blade glitter in his upraised hand, and quickly caught his arm, and wrested the knife from him. Seeing that I had desperate fellows to deal with, I sent off for two sepoys, into whose custody I gave them to be locked up in the chokie.

Next morning, which was Sunday, I received a message to attend immediately to give evidence against the two men who had been in the chokie. I mounted my horse, and taking with me my head servant, Francisco, and my groom, I rode to the court of justice. In the open ground, without any covering of any sort, I found a cluster of some twenty or thirty as sorry and as wretched-looking devils as could well be mustered together—these were the contents of the chokie. At a short distance from these stood a tall, stout, important-looking half-caste man, leaning on a long bamboo stick—the rod of

justice, I suppose! This burly and most consequential-looking personage, who spoke bad English, asked me what charge I had to make against the two men who by this time had been brought nearer to him and me? In a few words I narrated what they had done, and had the knife produced that had been raised against me. He then asked me how long I had been in the country? I told him. "Ah," said he, "you judge very wrongly of natives; you "have not been long enough in the country to "understand them;" and wound up by stating that it was his belief the men only intended to give the camels some water. I replied, I had plenty of water in the compound had the camels required it; besides which, they had had water and a feed before I went to bed. It was clear their object was to get away with their own two camels, to purloin mine, and to be in pocket what they had already received from me. But this fellow (representing the magistrate for the day, it being Sunday) being more than half native himself, leant altogether to the natives. Candidly, I was disgusted with seeing the law administered by such a deputy. I was after this very short with him, and told him my time was precious,—I could wait no longer,—he might do what he liked with the men. "If I could wait till Tuesday," said he, "I could prosecute them if I chose." "No," said I, "I am off to-night, and if you cannot sum-"marily dispose of the case, I shall not defer my "departure till Tuesday to prosecute. For," added I, "I have had my satisfaction out of them already in "the true English style, having last night given "them a sound thrashing, and as for the advance "they have had, I care not for that. I shall keep

" their camels, and get other men to drive them to " Lahore." " I suppose," said he, " you think I " am not a Christian, as you come to me on a " Sunday." " I am aware it is Sunday; but you " forget yourself, you sent for me: I did not come " voluntarily to *you*," replied I. " Instead of sending " to the Bazaar, you should have sent to Captain " N—— for your camels, when drivers whose names " are registered by Government would have been " furnished with them." I told him I had applied to Captain N—— without success; the reason being, I supposed, that I did not belong to either the civil or military service, and I spoke of the letter which had fallen into my hands as a proof of my well grounded supposition. I mounted my horse, telling him how much I lamented that such an illiterate person should, even as a temporary measure, be placed in the position of a magistrate, upon which he made some jocular allusion to my size. I answered that if his body was large his brains were extremely small. So ended the farce of administering justice at Jullundhur!

What became of the two men I know not; I succeeded in getting two others to drive the camels to Lahore, and started my servants and baggage off at about two o'clock, whilst I myself left at four o'clock by dāk, and reached Lahore at two P.M. on the 24th instant. On my way I passed through Umritsur, where the bearers rested two hours, of which I took advantage to visit the famed Golden Sikh Temple, which stands in the middle of a large square sheet of water. On reaching the steps going down to the water I was reminded by some half dozen Sikhs, all speaking at once, that I must remove my boots before

proceeding further. The temple is seen as soon as you reach the bottom of the steps: it presents a noble aspect; it has no fewer than six domes and four pillars, all gilded, and, glittering in the sun, they create a most magnificent effect. There is a broad pavement of white and black marble round the edge of the water; and all round the outer edge of the pavement there are buildings, so that when you have descended the steps you are entirely closed in from the rest of the world. On entering the temple you see the mushnud, or throne, before which men, women, and children prostrate themselves, and each throws a cowrie or a pice, according to their means or their feelings, into the middle of the room, where there is a large cloth spread to receive these contributions. The interior of the temple defies description—the inlaid work, the gilt decorations, the carving, the painted flower work, are all splendid: but I must not omit to mention that the four massive doors by which the temple is entered from either of its sides are *entirely of silver*. The ground, the water, and the temple itself, are reckoned amongst the holy of holies by the Sikhs.

Lahore, the capital of the Punjāb, was once the rival of Delhi, but is now by far its inferior. It is strewed with the ruins of its former greatness. I paid a visit to the great Hall, the ancient seat of the Mogul Emperors. The Hall is about seventy feet long, and opened to the front by an arched colonnade of marble. Many of the decorations evidently owed their superior skill and taste to European artists.

The ancient capital was about five miles in length by about three in breadth, as is manifest from the ruins which may yet be traced. The old tombs and

mosques are seen in the midst of the cultivated fields, and are used for cariavansaries for travellers. The modern city is on the western side of the old one, and has a strong wall and broad deep moat entirely around it. It is entered by gates on almost every side. The houses are lofty and the streets narrow and filthy, most of them having a gutter down the centre. The bazaars exhibit but little appearance of wealth, as Umritsur may be considered the commercial capital of the Punjāb. There are but a few public buildings worthy of notice; one of these is the Royal Mosque built of red sandstone, formerly brought to the city from the neighbourhood of Delhi by the celebrated Aurungzebe. It now serves as a powder magazine. The fort, which stands in about the centre of the city, is generally occupied by a regiment of Native Infantry.

Across the Ravee (the Hydraotes of the Greeks) is the "Shah Dara," or tomb of the Emperor Jehangheer, one of the chief architectural ornaments of Lahore. The building is quadrangular, with a minaret at each corner, rising to the height of seventy feet. It is composed of marble and sandstone, with inscriptions and ornaments arranged in beautiful Mosaic. The floor is likewise Mosaic. The Ravee has washed away a portion of the wall surrounding it, and threatens soon to accomplish its destruction. Another object of interest to the European is the garden of Shah Jehan, the "Shalimar," as it is called, or the "House of Joy." It is one of the few remaining relics of the magnificent Mogul grandeur, half a mile in length, with three terraces, each rising above the other. A canal brought from a great distance intersects it, and throws up no less than four hundred and

fifty fountains to cool the atmosphere. The garden has suffered severely; many of its ornaments and decorations have been removed, and others mutilated.

The country adjacent to Lahore is flat and swampy, and the climate is unhealthy for Europeans: fevers and agues are the diseases which carry off the most victims.

The population of Lahore is supposed to be about eighty thousand. The Sikhs are a fine, tall, stalwart race of men, with long visages, black beards and moustachios, and bear a dignified deportment in the presence of Europeans. They wear a large tuft of hair tied in a knot on the crown of the head. They profess a religion founded by one Nanak, which is neither that of the Mahommedan nor the Hindoos, though the tenets are taken partly from the one and the other. Hence they were persecuted for centuries by both these sects, which caused one of the successors of Nanak to issue a decree that every Sikh should carry steel as a defence against their enemies. It is principally owing to their persecutions that they became the brave and daring people they are, and which character they so fully upheld in their wars with us.

There were other troops than those in the fort located about half a mile from the city; but the accommodation was wretched: the officers were living in brick buildings more like stables than anything else.

Lahore not answering, Meean Meer, which lies six miles distant, is selected to be the station for troops in future. It is situated on a sandy plain, said to be a very healthy spot, and here I found bungalows were being reared fast. I was told that it would probably

become the seat of government for the fifth, or Punjāb Presidency. *Nous verrons.*

5th March. Leaving the greater portion of my baggage at Lahore, I quitted it by dāk at seven P.M. for Wuzeerabad, which station I reached next day at four P.M.

10th. Started for Sealkote at nine A.M. I rode my horse whilst my camel carried all my necessary baggage. Reached Sealkote at nine P.M. The station being a new one, bungalows were scarce, and it being quite dark I found the greatest difficulty in meeting with quarters even for that night. At length I met with an European serjeant, who, after hearing the particulars of my situation, kindly unlocked a newly erected bungalow, the use of which he placed at my service. Tired as I was, and knowing no friend in the station, I gladly availed myself of the offer. In the morning I found my bed clothes, and the clothes I had taken off me, were saturated with moisture; my saddle was mildewed, and the walls and floor were streaming with the dampness common to all newly erected bungalows. I would not have slept in that house another night for a good deal.

11th. As it was this morning I found myself suffering from rheumatism, doubtless caused by the damp quarters in which I was located last night. Hired a tent (I had left my own at Lahore), and found it infinitely more comfortable than the damp unwholesome bungalow before referred to. I left my tent and other heavy baggage at Lahore, because henceforth, up the Punjaub across the mountains, I shall be compelled to travel by dāk.

Sealkote, which is about forty miles north of Lahore, is a new military station fixed upon by the

late Sir Charles Napier, and like most of his acts displays that sound judgment for which he was so remarkable. A better or a more beautiful spot could not have been selected for such a purpose.

The most prominent object, and which consequently first attracts the attention of the stranger at Sealkote, is a lofty and extensive range of buildings of red brick, erected at great expense by the soldiers' friend, Sir Charles Napier, as barracks for the European soldier. Undoubtedly they are, with those at Hyderabad, in Scinde, (also built by Sir Charles,) the finest up-country barracks in India. They are standing monuments to the care and interest Sir Charles always took in the welfare of the British soldier.

The officers when I was at Sealkote were mostly in tents, but bungalows were being reared in all directions, whilst the road and walks through the embryo station were making visible progress. The road between Wuzeerabad and Sealkote is not oversafe for a white face after dusk.

At Sealkote the view of the Himalaya mountains is grand and imposing; although they have been visible since leaving Umballa, you do not see them to advantage; but at Sealkote you see them in all their sublimity,—their noble peaks covered with eternal snows rising to heaven and glittering in the sun in great and massive grandeur. I have seen nothing in the country which so impressed me, or from which I derived so much real pleasure as in contemplating those noble structures of Nature. If I were asked what made the greatest impression on me during my travels, I should reply, there were three sights which can never be effaced from my memory: viz.

The desert at night;—the rising of the sun as seen from the heights above Cairo;—and the view of the Himalaya mountains from Sealkote: all were equally picturesque and impressive, and as I have already said can never be forgotten.

Whilst at Sealkote, I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a worthy, intelligent, and good-hearted little man, by name Arratoon, an Armenian merchant. I spent some delightful hours of converse with him, and we became real friends. This man had travelled more in the Himalayahs than perhaps any other person living; he had discovered gold and marble in these fastnesses, and he told me there was not the least doubt there were many other precious metals to be found if search were made. He endeavoured to obtain the sanction of Government for a long lease, or the sale of the land where he found the gold; but this was refused him. They would grant a short lease to him, but this of course he would not accept, for as he justly observed, as soon as he had gone to all the expense, and commenced to work the gold, his lease would expire, and the mine fall into the hands of Government. I always thought it was the duty of every good Government to develope by every means the resources of the country over which it rules. This Arratoon, let it be known, was the same who had for years navigated the five rivers of the Punjāb, as far as navigation in each was practicable: he knew them all well, and for this reason it was that when Arratoon happened to be at Kurrachee, that great man Sir Charles Napier, sent for him, and pulling out a map consulted him with regard to the navigation of the Indus. Arratoon answered all Sir Charles' questions, gave all the information in his

power, and hence we have steamers now plying up the Indus and Chenab rivers between Kurrachee and Mooltan. Arratoon, moreover, told Sir Charles that all the five rivers save the Ravee were navigable. At a dinner afterwards given to Sir Charles Napier, at Bombay, he spoke of Arratoon, and compared him to a steam tug of small size but of great power.

17th. Returned to Wuzeerabad, which I reached at three P.M. after a hard day's ride through a most liver-grilling sun.

The station of Wuzeerabad lies about seven miles from the city of the same name. It is anything but a comfortable place: here as at Lahore, the officers were for the most part residing in those stable-like detached brick edifices, whilst the remainder were located in tents. I had capital quarters near the city, at the dāk bungalow, which had evidently once been a Rajah or Nabob's residence; it was a very handsome building.

18th. To-day I made arrangements for dāking direct to Peshawur, leaving my servant Francisco at Wuzeerabad, in charge of my horse and camel. The former I requested him to send to Rawul Pindee, to meet me on my road down country, as it was my intention to take the intermediate stations on my journey back from the frontier.

19th. At exactly four o'clock this morning I commenced my dāk journey to Peshawur, which I reached in safety at noon on the 25th instant.

As I went direct to Peshawur from Wuzeerabad I shall follow my route, and allude to Jhelum and Rawul Pindee afterwards, for, though in my route upwards, I did not visit them until after Peshawur. At nightfall on the 19th crossed the Chenab river,

the Acesines of the Greeks, which, having swollen, the bearers were uncertain as to its depth, so one went as pilot whilst the others rested and smoked their hookah on the bank. The pilot found the water just up to his neck, and therefore suggested that the palki in which I was should be placed on the heads of six of them, by which means alone was it fordable with the palki. Though a rather unpleasant mode of crossing, rather than meet with delay, I consented to be thus carried. I was indeed glad to find myself safely landed on the opposite bank, for the least slip off a stone, one false step of the bearers, would have precipitated myself and palki to the bottom of the stream. As a reward for the act, I gave them buck-sheesh, and allowed them another smoke at their hookah whilst I enjoyed a cheroot.

Between Wuzeerabad and Jhelum I passed through Goojerat, where our last battle with the Sikhs was fought; the field lies a little to the west of the town. I had no time to visit it now, but I made up my mind to do so as I returned. From Jhelum the whole route, as far as Attock, is over mountains, and forms a series of romantic views, so totally different to the usually flat uninteresting Indian landscape.

The Jhelum river, the celebrated Hydaspes of the Greeks, is crossed between Jhelum and Rawul Pindee. Its course lies through an alluvial plain at the base of a rocky range of hills. Crocodiles are more numerous in this than in any other river of the Punjāb; indeed, it was noted for them even in the days of Alexander the Great.

I reached Attock in the evening, where I rested for a few hours. The fort of Attock stands upon a black

ridge of rock overlooking the noble Indus. It appeared to me to be a fort of much strength, though somewhat out of repair. It was nobly defended in the late Sikh war by Major Herbert. The Indus here is of a bright azure blue, with a very strong current exceeding six miles an hour.

At Attock the Indus and the Cabool rivers meet, and about two hundred and fifty yards above Attock, just before the junction of the two rivers, the water gushes with fearful fury over a rapid which is about two hundred yards broad; its noise and roar are terrible, and its velocity, I was informed, exceeds the rate of ten miles an hour.

Attock contains between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants. I had nearly forgotten to mention a curious phenomenon to be witnessed here every evening, just at the junction of the two rivers, that is, an *ignis fatuus*, which shews itself, regularly every night, in the shape of three or four bright dancing lights. It is probably caused by the exhalation of some gas from a crevice in the rock, though the natives have a very different way of accounting for it. According to their ideas, the renowned warrior, Man Singh, fought a great battle with the Mahommedans on this spot, and that the lights are the spirits of the departed victims.

Pursuing my route, I crossed the Indus late at night to make my way to Peshawur; and as life and property, on the other side of the Indus, are not very secure, or were not when I was there, I took extra care before leaving Attock that both barrels of my gun were loaded. However, I reached the frontiers of British India in safety.

Peshawur is in Affghanistan; the country round

about it is very beautiful; thyme, violets, clover, &c. grow in abundance, and reminded me forcibly of Old England.

On reaching Peshawur, I found I could not hire a bungalow or tent for any sum of money, so I was driven to take a room in the Sudder Bazaar, amongst the natives, my next door neighbour being a "Mr." Nubby Bucksh.

Being the frontier station of British India, there is generally a large force located at Peshawur, and the price of provisions I found most exorbitant.

31st. This evening there was a shock of an earthquake. It was a strange rumbling noise like the rolling of a heavy vehicle in London, which caused the walls of my domicile to tremble, and was accompanied by a perceptible heaving of the ground. It did not last many seconds, nor did I hear of any damage being done by it, though it was felt all over the station, but more especially at that part nearest the Khyber Pass.

Riding home late one night from a friend's house, a shot was fired at me from behind some stones or rocks. It luckily missed me, though I must confess I felt a good deal alarmed, and did not wait to ask any questions for fear of receiving a second salute. To tell the truth, I had no business out after nightfall; there is an order setting forth that it is unsafe for Europeans to venture out after dark, but I must also say I was not at the time aware of the existence of such a caution. Through the kindness of another friend, after this I took my evening ride on the back of an elephant which he placed at my disposal, I always taking care to be at home before dark.

Before leaving Peshawur I had a great desire to go

to the mouth of the Khyber Pass just outside the station, but I was told there was a Government order prohibiting this. It was unsafe, for many Europeans had lately lost their lives in venturing there, and that if I did so it would be at my own risk. I was therefore obliged to be content with a view of it from the station itself.

Before leaving Peshawur I had been in correspondence on business matters with Captain H——, Commandant of 3rd Regiment of Punjāb Infantry. His regiment, together with the corps of guides commanded by Major Lumsden, was in the Eusofzaie district, encamped at a place called Ghurree Kapour, twenty-four miles across country, and as these regiments were then operating against the hill tribes inhabiting that quarter, the difficulty was how to get to Ghurree Kapour. There was considerable risk attending such a journey, but I had agreed to go over there on condition that Captain H—— provided me with some mode of transit from Nowshera, twenty-four miles.

5th April. Accordingly, having concluded my business at Peshawur, I quitted it to-day for Nowshera by dāk. On reaching there I found an armed native soldier and a Sowarrie camel in waiting for me from Captain H. I mounted the camel, the soldier sitting in the seat behind me, and commenced a ride I shall not soon forget.

We had not gone above nine miles when the rain which had been gradually falling came down in torrents; the man declared we should endanger our necks if we travelled any further on the camel, and indeed it was perilous to retain our seats any longer, seeing how the poor beast slipped about. We there-

fore alighted at a small Sikh village hard by. I desired the soldier to procure me a horse, if possible, from some of the villagers. The soldier was most anxious to get me accommodated, but our efforts seemed fruitless; the Sikhs all declared there was no horse in the village. An old venerable-looking man, with a long white beard, however, attracted my attention, as much by his patriarchal appearance as by the care he took to stand in front of the doorway of a mud hut. I went to look in and descried the outlines of what seemed to be a horse, so I directed the Sepoy to go in and see, and to bring it out. It was a high big-limbed Cabul horse. The old man begged hard that I would not take it away. The Sepoy explained to him that I was a friend of "Lumsden "Sahib," must get to the camp that night, and he might rest assured his horse would be duly restored to him. No saddle or bridle was forthcoming, so without either of these necessaries, with only a thick piece of rope for a bridle and a piece of wood attached thereto as a bit, I mounted the animal, giving instructions to the Sepoy to remain at the village for the night, and to proceed in the morning back to Nowshera to await orders from Captain H.

The soldier was a Job's comforter, for he parted from me with these cautions:—I was to ride as fast as possible; to keep the track between the hills; to be sure and answer the challenges of the sentries on reaching the camp; that the country was dangerous for Europeans or their native soldiers to travel through; and pointed out a spot by the path side in front of us where Major Lumsden's syce was murdered, and his house captured by the Affredees. Pleasant, certainly, thought I. As I rode away my position

seemed critical, as indeed it was: alone, unarmed, mounted in the manner described,—heavy rain falling, —night fast approaching; no road, but only a path-wāy, and that not over distinct; the Affredees on the Hills on either side of me, and fifteen English miles to traverse! Such, at any rate, *was* my position, without any tincture of romance.

Providence protected me that night,—all these difficulties were surmounted, and at precisely eight o'clock I reached the camp, having ridden two hours in the dark. The officers all declared it was the greatest miracle in the world that I was not cut to pieces, and could only attribute my escape to the rain, which, falling heavily, compelled the Affredees to keep the Hills. I was treated by the officers in camp with every kindness; a good dinner, with wine and cheroots, was provided me, and a comfortable tent to sleep in. My limbs were wet and weary, and I never enjoyed a dinner and a night's repose so much in all my life.

7th. Up at six,—no rain, atmosphere excessively hot. Having finished my business in camp, I quitted Ghurree Kapour at half-past two P M. for Nowshera; a saddle and bridle were lent to me by the officers, as also the protection of an armed escort of two mounted sowars of the Guide Corps; in this manner a rapid ride brought me to Nowshera at five o'clock P.M. I now continued my dāk to Rawul Pindee; a pretty station with mountains in the distance on almost every side, where I arrived on the 8th at five minutes past eleven P.M.

10th. Ten o'clock this morning saw me on the road for Jhelum.

11th. Entered Jhelum at about noon.

12th. Up and at business early this morning; having finished which, I set out at seven P.M. for Wuzeerabad, going round by the battle field of Goojerat.

13th. Sunday.—Walked over the battle field of Goojerat, the conquering stroke to the Sikh authority in the Punjāb, and visited the tombs erected to the memory of the British officers who fell in the battle. There I saw recorded the names of many whose faces had been familiar to me in life. Amongst them was that of Lieutenant H——, of the Engineers, whom I had seen not very long before in England, and for whom I had great respect. The tomb is very substantial, with the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of 2nd Lieut. H——, "Bengal Engineers, who died from a wound received "in action, on the field of Goojerat, 21st February, "1849; this tomb was erected to his memory by the "officers of his corps."

Poor fellow, thought I, when I read the above, how little did I think when last I saw you I should ever make a pilgrimage to your tomb. Such is life! The tombs are on a rise of ground at one end of the battle field, under the shade of some palm trees, and are enclosed by a thick brick wall about four feet high, the enclosure being entered by a gate.

The battle field, as I saw it, was covered with luxuriant Indian corn; it is a level plain in a most fertile district, and I can imagine it to have been as well adapted for a battle as Chillianwallah was ill-suited for one. Turning aside from the scene of battle at three P.M., I arrived at Wuzeerabad at six P.M.

17th. Quitted Wuzeerabad at nine A.M. for Lahore,

which I entered again at seven A.M. on the 18th instant quite well, and very pleased to think that the Punjâb portion of my journey was over, and that my steps would now be through Scinde and thence, *viâ* Bombay, home. At Lahore I sold my camel to an European merchant: I parted with him with some regret, for the beast had become so attached to me that, if I took up a handful of boosa, he would follow me all over the compound, and was otherwise very docile, owing doubtless to the fact that I never ill-used him, and prohibited my servants from doing so.

21st. I had already discharged all my servants, save Francisco, and my syce, who came from Bombay. At six A.M. I dispatched my baggage and these servants to Mooltan on camels, whilst next day, at eight in the morning, I left by the Government mail-cart, which runs between Lahore and Mooltan. At night I slept at a small village in the midst of a jungle. Continued my journey next day, and arrived in Mooltan at half-past twelve o'clock on the 24th instant. The distance from Lahore to Mooltan is upwards of two hundred miles.

The heat, the dust, the hot winds, and the shaking of the vehicle, are sufficient to knock up the strongest man. The road (it scarcely deserves such an appellation), is rugged in the extreme, and lies mostly through jungle. The horses, most of them unbroken-in, are strongly secured to the cart, and allowed to gallop as fast as they please, which will account for the distance being accomplished in so short a time, whilst the cart is without a covering of any sort to protect one from the rays of the sun.

The station of Mooltan is situated exactly two

miles from the celebrated fort in which the Dewan Moolraj defied for a time the prowess of the British arms, and is in the midst of a most wild-looking district, surrounded by short dense jungle and brush-wood, with innumerable clusters of date trees, which give it a picturesque appearance.

The officers who came here in 1850 told me it was then one dense jungle, and that they had to make a regular clearance of it to build their bungalows. The great heat of the place, the hot winds, and the violent dust storms to which it is liable, and which generally come on suddenly at about six in the evening, render it anything but an agreeable spot to reside at in the hot season.

In India at mid-day in the hot season a peculiar lull comes over all, an apathetic languor steals as much over inanimate nature as over the sinking bodies and insipid minds of weary humanity. The very crow hangs silent and gasping on the tree-top; and the parrot, at all other times engaged in screeching, sits blinking his red-rimmed eye in some shady corner. The sun is blazing forth in his full power and effulgence, whilst every object in nature reflects his fiery rays. Within, repose reigns predominant; there is but a drowsy light admitted through the Venetian windows; the punkah, vast in dimensions, massive in fringe, swings without noise heavily and slowly, it seems as if passing off to sleep from the pleasurable sensation of being rocked. The occupant of the bungalow may be found dreaming over his cheroot and drinking "brandy pani"—reading a book, stretched at full length on his couch, or overtaken by the god of sleep. The punkah-coolie must not be forgotten, as he is a spectacle worthy of observation

in the verandah. He is laying on his back, every inch of his body is asleep, except his arm, and that is dozing. The other domestics may be seen spread out in small heaps near the doors in the different attitudes which lassitude suggests. The atmosphere is entirely one of relaxation which broods over every animate and inanimate object.

Of course I visited the Fort of Mooltan. It stands close to the town on a considerable rise of ground; an extensive building with double walls all round it, together with a broad moat, it presents a very strong and formidable appearance. The Eedgah, or garden of Moolraj, is about four hundred yards from the fort, and as the Government has no use for the building inside the garden, it is allowed to be inhabited by natives.

The different objects inside the fort, such as mosques, pillars, &c. which rise above the walls, present demolished fronts as they became the marks for our cannon. The immense number of guns and the ammunition taken by us still remain here, and here and there my eye rested on discharged cannon balls, which, I was told, were still lying where they originally fell. I counted more than twenty that lay together by the side of a mosque which had been fairly battered to pieces by them.

In the interior of the great mosque are deposited the remains of the unfortunate officers Agnew and Anderson; and there is also inside the fort a tomb erected by the officers of the regiment to the memory of Major Montizambert, who commanded H. M.'s 10th Regiment of Foot at the siege. I examined also with interest the two breaches made in the walls —one is called the large and the other the small

breach. The fort is now held by the Brigadier and Staff Officers and a company of Artillery: from it a good view can be had of the surrounding country, which is a dead level. The town, on the banks of the Chenab river, is dirty and overcrowded, with a population numbering about 60,000.

30th. To-day my servants came into Mooltan with my baggage, having been eleven days on the road.

1st May. Visited the steamer "Chenab," lying in the river, and engaged a passage in her to Kurrachee.

3rd. Went on board the steamer this evening, and sailed next morning at daybreak.

Steaming down the Chenab we cast anchor every night, as navigation then is out of the question. Most of the passengers, including myself, availed themselves of these stoppages to indulge in a bath. Bathing on one of these occasions I was seized with cramp, and, finding myself sinking, I called out for help, and must have sunk but for the timely aid of a fellow passenger.

One night we anchored opposite a small jungley island, and we were all nearly devoured by sand flies; we were attacked by the whole colony of these merciless tormentors, and every one of us bore marks next day of the preceding night's encounter.

Passing Mithun Kote, where the Indus joins the Chenab, we reached Sukhur on the 8th; Bukhur and Roree are opposite to it.

9th. We made Kotree.

I observed a curious mode of catching fish adopted by the natives on the banks of the Indus; they have an oval-shaped vessel, with a hole on the top, about four inches in diameter; on this they place their

bodies, and strike out with their legs. They carry with them a very long bamboo rod with a net attached to the end; in this manner they sally forth a long distance from the shore, and at the proper "pitch" they quietly let down the net, holding the other end of the rod, and as quietly draw up their fish, which they place in the vessel under their bodies, which has a little water in it, and when full of fish they return home. This beats your rod and line fishing altogether; there is no difficulty about it, they make sure of catching.

10th. We were at Hyderabad, where I went on shore for a few hours.

12th. Reached the Ghisree bunder, five miles from Kurrachee, at four P.M., and dropped anchor.

13th. Disembarked at nine A.M., and proceeded to Kurrachee, from which port I sailed at half-past four P.M. in the screw steamer "Bombay" for Bombay.

16th. Arrived in Bombay harbour at half-past twelve, after a quick but very rough passage. I disembarked at two o'clock, and once more took up my quarters at the British Hotel. The delight of my two servants at again seeing Bombay was unbounded; they began to despair, I think, of ever looking upon it again.

21st. Whilst making final arrangements for my departure my servant Francisco begged earnestly that I would take him to England with me, and I fully intended doing so, but on going to secure our passage I was informed that I must leave a deposit of five hundred rupees in the hands of Government as a guarantee for his return, which sum, of course, would be given up to me on his being sent back. This I was not prepared for, for it so happened that I had

remitted all my money home (leaving myself just sufficient for my passage and incidental expenses) and therefore I was obliged to leave Francisco behind me.

I gave him the best testimonials I could write as to character, honesty and faithfulness, and I obtained him a situation with an officer in Bombay.

22nd. Embarked for England on board Honourable Company's steamer "Victoria," and sailed at half-past five P.M. Francisco came on board ship with me, and cried bitterly on parting; as for myself, I could not help feeling that I was separating from a most trustworthy and faithful attendant, and an involuntary tear gave outward evidence of what I felt within. This being the last steamer of the season before the setting in of the south-west monsoon we carried a double allowance of coals, in case of falling in with this wind. As it was, we had some stormy weather in the Indian Ocean. On the 31st we were running under lee of the island of Socotra, and on the 1st June were off Cape Guardafui where the "Memnon" was wrecked in 1843.

We found it excessively hot as we approached the Red Sea, and the thermometer stood during the day at 110° to 115°.

2nd. Dropped anchor at Aden at half-past ten A.M., and all the passengers went on shore next morning. Weighed anchor at 5 P.M. on the 3rd, and pursued our voyage to Suez.

12th. Cast anchor in the straits at nine A.M., and landed mails and passengers. At half-past twelve we started across the desert, reaching Cairo at four o'clock next morning. On the 14th we quitted Cairo at four P.M., and after a pleasant passage down the

Nile we came in sight of Alexandria at half past four on the 15th.

16th. Myself and two fellow passengers had arranged ourselves into a travelling trio across the continent.

Accordingly we embarked to-day on board one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers for Trieste. Nothing can exceed the charming scenery of the Ionian Islands at this season of the year. With the blue waters of the Mediterranean beneath, a bright atmosphere and a cloudless sky above, the green vineyards of the islands themselves proudly standing out of and studding the sea like so many ornamental gems, there is beauty and serenity combined, with which it is impossible not to be impressed.

21st. This evening we landed at Trieste, and after a day's rest there, myself and two friends set out for Venice, by steamer, across the Adriatic. It is not my province or intention in this little narrative to give a detailed account of the continental towns and cities through which I passed on my way home; the continent is tolerably well known now to most Englishmen. Suffice it then for me to tell my friends that the route we took from Trieste presented to us more attractions than any other. Our journey lay through Venice, Milan, Como, across the Alps by the pass of St. Gothard, Lucerne, Basle, Strasbourg, down the Rhine to Cologne, Ostend, and Dover.

There was no occasion for haste, we therefore rested sufficiently long to see the beauties of each place, and I must conclude by saying that it was a trip which I very much enjoyed. Indeed, I wonder how so many people can think of tying themselves to the monotony

of a vessel as far as Southampton, when within their reach is a most agreeable land-trip, with varied scenery, to charm the eye and please the senses, which can be seen and travelled through without entailing one extra shilling of expense above the passage money to Southampton.

I landed at Dover at a little before twelve o'clock at night on the 5th July, where I rested for the night, and was with my friends in London before noon next day.

FINIS.

Explanation of Hindustani Words made use of in the Narrative.

Buggy	a gig.
Palki	a palanquin.
Tāpāl	post office.
Gharree	a cart drawn by oxen.
Brahmin	a high caste Hindoo.
Gharree-wallahs	gharree drivers.
Cos	a measurement equal to two English miles.
Pucka	good, well made.
Chickul	mud.
Dāk, or Dawk	a mode of travelling by palanquin, the arrangements for which are made by the post office authorities.
Bungalow	a house.
Sahibs loques	the European community.
Syce	a groom.
Nullah	a river or rivulet.
Jowharrie	Indian corn.
Maistree or Muccadum	the head palki bearer.
Shikarrie	a sportsman.
Bucksheesh	a present of money.
Chowrie	a halting place.
Hummal	a palki bearer.
Punkah	a board suspended from the ceiling, and set in motion to cool the air.
Punkah-coolie	a man whose duty is to pull the punkah.

Jemidar	a native officer, or lieutenant.
Sahib	Sir.
Salaam	adieu; also equivalent to "thank you."
Sepoy	a native soldier.
Cheretta	a medicinal bark.
Thugs	a set of men who, by a system of garroting, rob and murder all who fall in their power.
Teelee	a plant from which oil is extracted.
Huzari	a guard.
Banghy-burdar	a carrier of packages—a sort of running porter.
Mussalchie	a torch bearer.
Cantonments	a station: mud huts for the location of troops.
Chokedar	a watchman.
Kotwall	a sort of native police magistrate.
Rajah	a king or prince.
Dacoits	robbers.
Nautch	a dance.
Pan	green leaves, containing aromatic spices.
Bazaar	native town.
Chokie	police station.
Musnud or Mushnud	a throne.
Sowarrie-Camel	saddle-camel.
Boosa	a fodder—chopped Indian corn.
Pani	water.

WESTMINSTER:
PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.